

6^d PERIODICAL

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21 1949

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PUNCH



DECEMBER
21
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5691

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

"HusKees"

by



UR 1173

Designers and makers of fine shoes for ladies

"SWEET



AND
HANDSOME"

Sharps

Delicious **CHOCOLATE
SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE**
offered to you in the new
attractive **Rendezvous** box



Nicholson Gin -too good to drown

GIVE AND TAKE NICHOLSON THIS CHRISTMAS



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • MEDIUM OR MILD • [NCC 714U]

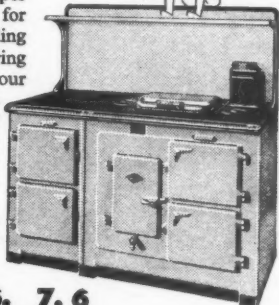
New 4 oven Esse Fairy specially built for COKE burning

Just look what you get! See what you save!

1 4 ovens with famous ESSE even heat—2 for roasting, etc.—2 for slow cooking. 2 Built to burn easy-to-get coke. 3 Record low fuel consumption of approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coke per hour. 4 Cooking de-luxe for 7 to 9 people with fast-boiling hotplate and two simmering plates. 5 Continuous 24 hour service. 6 Heat control to your requirements. 7 Constant hot water with model No. 3 for only 6 lb. extra coke in 24 hours.

If you have a 2 oven Fairy ('R' type) it can be converted to a 4 oven cooker now. Write for details.

No soot or oven flues to clean



with boiler £96. 7. 6
without boiler £86. 17. 6 or monthly terms

The ESSE COOKER Company
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Head Office: Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
London: 46 Davies Street, W.1

Famous for
fine Quality



AND
FRESH FRUIT JAMS
BY
Crosbie's



For All-Night Sleep

and All-Day Energy

ONLY from sleep of the best kind—deep, peaceful and revitalizing—can you obtain the reserves of energy, the buoyancy and confidence, which make light of the day's work.

A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help to bring this kind of sleep—every night. The unique properties of 'Ovaltine'—derived from Nature's finest foods—soothe nerves and body and are quickly conducive to sound sleep.

While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides concentrated, easily digestible nourishment which does much to restore the tired body, renew strength and energy and enable you to wake feeling and looking your best.



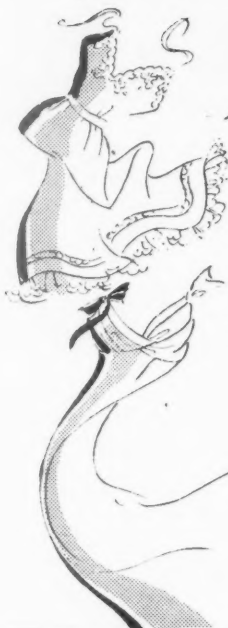
There is no substitute for

Ovaltine

It stands in
a class
by itself



For Christmas...



Bright girls want them
Quiet girls want them
Small girls want them
Tall girls want them
Teen-agers want them
Middle-agers want them
Every woman wants..

Undies in
'Celanese'
FABRICS



*There's beauty
in good lighting*

THE FINISHING TOUCH....

ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS



BY APPOINTMENT
SUPPLIERS OF ELECTRIC
LAMPS
THE EDISON SWAN
ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

LIOIE



*"Obviously
JAMAL-*

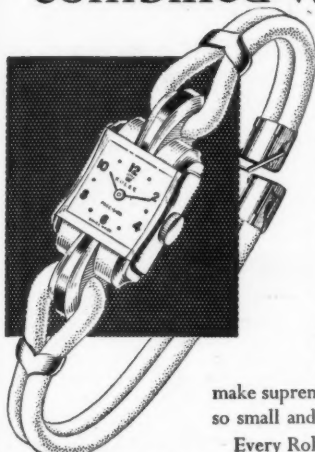


As a hairdresser,
I advise Jamal. It's the
smart wave, and it
brings out the best of
every hairstyle."

Jamal
LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING
... MACHINELESS
... KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

G & G

Miniature elegance— combined with accuracy



This beautiful Rolex ladies' watch (stainless steel with leather cord) is ideal both for day and evening wear. It is dainty and elegant to look at, and can be relied upon to give lasting, accurate service.

IT ISN'T EASY to design a ladies' wrist-watch that is at once elegant and accurate. For ladies are exacting creatures. They demand that their watches shall be small — very small! And the smaller the movement, the harder it is to make it really accurate.

It is a Rolex rule that no ladies' watch shall ever leave the factory if it is not first and foremost accurate and reliable. The triumph of Rolex craftsmen lies in the fact that they make supremely accurate, reliable ladies' watches so small and so beautiful.

Every Rolex ladies' watch is an original creation designed by Rolex craftsmen, many of whom are actually descended from the founders of the Genevan Guild of Craftsmanship, one of the most famous of all mediaeval guilds.



ROLEX

Leaders in fashion and precision

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LTD. (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)

FOR EVERY SPORTING OCCASION

"Waukeezzi"

Informals



"THELMAR"—

a flatterer, yet a friend.
So easy on the eye, so
caressingly snug on the foot



...YOUR SHOE SYMBOL

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON
(Associate of the Norvic Shoe Co. Ltd.)

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your agent.



SOMNUS

LET it be said, a Somnus mattress can contribute much to ensure sound sleep, "full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing"—a sleep to be prized above most things in life. *Most good furnishers sell and recommend Somnus Bedding.*

WILLIAM RHODES LIMITED, LEEDS, NOTTINGHAM, LONDON

a book
about
furnishing
fabrics



You can get many charming ideas for interior decoration from the new Old Bleach book "At Your Service". It contains pictures, many in colour, of these well-known Irish fabrics as they are used in up-to-date homes; it also gives you a clear impression of the beauty and variety of Old Bleach furnishings in linen, wool, cotton and rayon—all fast to light and washing. Send a postcard for it to the address below. OLD BLEACH CARPETS—fine quality Wilton in an exceptionally lovely range of colours are now to be found at the best stores.

Old Bleach

FURNISHINGS LTD.
Dept F5, Randalstown,
Northern Ireland



When they're feeling 'Peckish'
think of **PECK'S**
meat and fish pastes



HARRY PECK & CO. LTD., DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.15



*Nobody-loves-me goes in
but Isn't-she-adorable comes out!*

If you have seen how longed-for rain will freshen wilting things, you know what a bath can do for you when there's a Bathjoy in it. Even dejection seems to dissolve and be lost—because this fragrant water is a tonic as well as a treat. When at last you reach for the big soft towel, you are someone much nicer. That final pat is deserved.

BATHJOYS

—you used to call them Reckitt's Bath Cubes

Christmas is coming!

Here is the inexpensive present that will give real pleasure; Bathjoys (Lavender or Pine) in special Christmas packs ½ doz. 2/3d. 1 doz. 4/6d. including Purchase Tax.

BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RANGE OF KITCHEN FURNISHINGS



English Rose
KITCHEN FURNISHINGS

A lovely range of Kitchen Furnishings with continuous stainless steel work tops and aluminium cabinets and cupboards, built around a unique idea, giving unlimited flexibility in kitchen planning.

Some of the new features.

Stainless Steel Anti-splash Sink. Swept-in front on all cabinets, Stainless Steel cover strips. Finished in cream or pastel green hard-baked enamel.

Phone Warwick 500 for name of your nearest distributor or send for illustrated folder ER. 50.

PRODUCTS OF C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LTD. · WARWICK

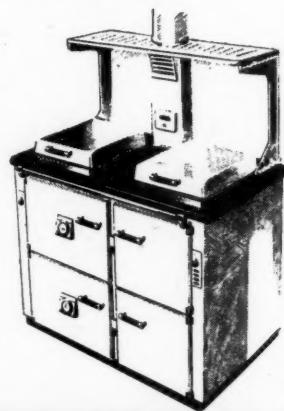
L.G.B.



**The Wizard
in the kitchen**

A cooker which burns night and day without re-lighting... a cooker big enough to provide for twenty or even thirty people... a cooker to save time, work, health and temper... a cooker to gladden the heart of anyone who cooks for large numbers of people.

Here at last is that very cooker, bringing peace and order to the kitchen of a big house or small hotel and the best of good cooking for everyone. It's the Advance Cooker No. 1... the Wizard in the kitchen. Write now for the catalogue No. 30, which tells you all about it.



Advance Cooker

EAGLE RANGE & GRATE CO. LTD · ASTON · BIRMINGHAM · 6
WILSONS & MATHIESONS LTD · ARMLEY · LEEDS · 12
PARK FOUNDRY CO. LTD · BELPER · DERBYSHIRE



The toy he dreams of

Give him a Hornby-Dublo Electric Train Set to make his dream come true. Let him have the thrill of being Manager and Chief Engineer of his own railway.

Supplies are still rather short. Book your order NOW with your local Dealer.

Hornby-Dublo Electric Trains

MADE BY MECCANO LTD.



"They come in bands, with greedy hands and great big glaring eyes. 'Fe, fi!' they spring on everything that ought to take a prize.

'Fo, fum!' they seize fine fruits and peas, and can them—just to taunt you. So mark my words, be good young birds—or Farrow's men will haunt you!"



FARROW'S for choice

Canned English Fruits and Vegetables, Salad Cream, Tomato Ketchup and other good things from Orchard and Garden

PUDDLE-WORRIED? HERE'S A TIP



★ Ask your
Shoeman for
these trim



RAINETTES by NORTH BRITISH

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD., EDINBURGH, LONDON & BRANCHES.
Also Manufacturers of Tyres and Tubes, Golf Balls and Golfing Accessories,
Hot Water Bottles, Rubber Flooring, Hose, etc.



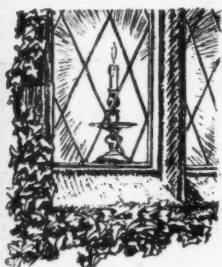
Comfort to Boot

Dig your toes into the soft sheepskin lining of these cosy ankle-boots and take a warm stand against winter. They'll keep you completely warm and dry, and they're so neat and trim that you can wear them in town with your smartest clothes. Price 65/4d.

Morlands

THE FAMOUS GLASTONBURYS

CLARK, SON & MORLAND LIMITED • GLASTONBURY • SOMERSET



"... a real family reunion this year. Do you remember the candle Mother kept burning in the window at Christmas, to light travellers through the night? I wish you'd light one for me to see as I walk up our lane again for the first time in ten years..."

Letters that COUNT... count for more on *Basildon Bond*

A tender recalling to mind of the past in a few words written from the heart, and the past lives again, made vivid by your pen. In every letter you write, your own personality, too, is reflected. Your character is revealed as clearly in the notepaper you choose, as in the words you write on it.

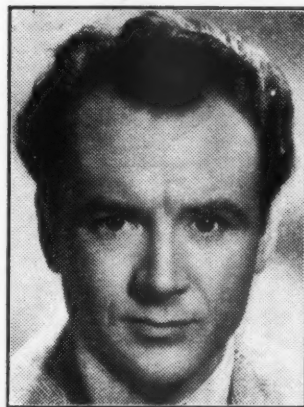
There is no more pleasing notepaper than Basildon Bond—it makes writing, and reading, enjoyable. With its perfect writing surface, it is just the right thickness to please the touch, and firm enough to retain its fresh crispness after travelling through the post. It is the right notepaper for all tastes and all occasions.

Be sure to ask your stationer for Basildon Bond by name.



Britain's most distinguished notepaper

John Mills asks you a question



HAS IT EVER STRUCK YOU that many of the people we give Christmas presents to don't really need them? They welcome our little gifts, of course, but they are certainly not in desperate need of them!

And yet thousands of people, not on our lists, are in desperate need. Yes, in spite of the Welfare State, with pensions and free doctoring, the need is there. I'm thinking of the thousands of families of service and ex-servicemen who are in urgent need, not of money necessarily, but of help in distress. Someone to go to in trouble. The State does a lot, but it can never be the friend and adviser folks want when they're up against it.

I speak from experience, because I've seen the wonderful work that the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association is doing among these families. The War may be over, but SSAFA is still busy, helping families in trouble, caring for children in emergency, mending

broken homes, finding clothing, bedding, furniture, even cash, if the need is there.

All this costs money. 4 million half-crowns in 1950! Will you please help with a Christmas present? Half-a-crown? Or even more? Kindly make out your postal order or cheque to me, John Mills, and post it c/o SSAFA, Dept. P1, 23, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1. Thank you!

John Mills

Plan **now** for



The likelihood of heavy demands upon travelling facilities during the Holy Year makes it especially advisable for you to plan well in advance. By making early arrangements with the all-embracing CIT organisation, you are assured transport and hotel reservations, reliable schedules, and a service without equal in the sphere of Italian travel.

- The CIT organisation, which includes 68 branch offices throughout Italy, officially represents **Italian Railways**, Air, Shipping, and CIAT Pullman-Coach services.

Write now for booklet 'Italy 1950' to be issued after Christmas

Consult **YOUR TRAVEL AGENT**, or
CIT • ITALIAN RAILWAYS



Italian travel in a nutshell

Call at 66-68 Haymarket, London SW1 - WHI 3682-3-4
write CIT Correspondence Dept., 25 Haymarket, London SW1
Telegrams: Italcit Lesquare London



Clean comfort, cool sweetness, the joy and assurance of feeling faultless! Your mouth and throat refreshed, relieved of slumber-taste and morning catarrh. The very air seems keener for fragrant 'Dettolin'. Make a rule of this simple antiseptic precaution: it is duty's pleasure, sound sense, social conscience, good grooming *Afresh every morning—*

Dettolin MOUTHWASH
BRAND
and ANTISEPTIC GARGLE

This is one of a wide range of fine leather gloves with warm linings for winter wear—a superb Xmas gift!



How to choose Gloves for a man

YOU need to know what to look for when choosing gloves for a man! This question of fit, for instance.

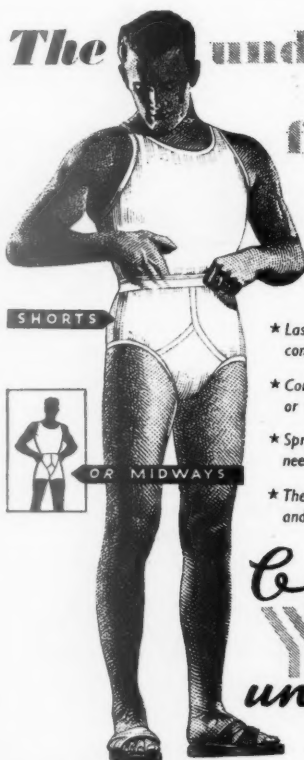
A man's glove must "give" to his hand if it is to fit snugly and look smart.

The secret lies in what is technically called "hidden fit," achieved by expert control of the natural stretch of the leather. This depends on craftsmanship. Dent's gloves are made by hand, one at a time, to ensure this "hidden fit." That is why Dent's gloves mould themselves so perfectly to a man's hand, yet never stretch out of shape.

Look for the Dent's label—the most famous glove label in the world. It's your guarantee that the gift will be really acceptable.

DENT'S GLOVES WORN BY DISCRIMINATING MEN

The underwear for a Man!



Ask by name in any good Man's Shop for Coopers Y-front, the scientifically designed Underwear with these exclusive features:

- * Lastex-yarn waist, with the Patent Y-front construction, giving mild support.
- * Contoured vests, tailored to shape; athletic style or short sleeves.
- * Spring-knit in fine cotton; no buttons or tapes; needs no ironing.
- * The unique hip tape measurement ensures correct and comfortable fit.

Coopers
Y-FRONT
underwear

British Patent No. 479119

Sole Manufacturers and Distributors in Great Britain:

LYLE AND SCOTT LTD., IDEAL HOUSE, ARGYLE ST., LONDON, W.1. FACTORIES AT HAWICK, SCOTLAND



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/5

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

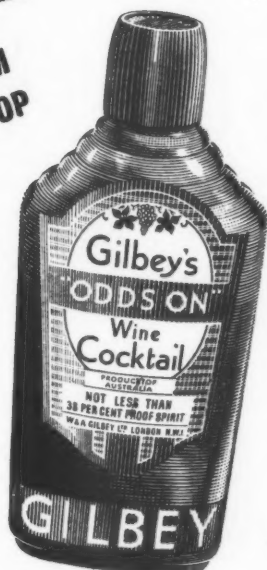
NEW

YOU CAN DRINK FROM
THIS LIQUEUR-CUP TOP

"Odds On" your
favourite Cocktail in
its new half-bottle
flask with the liqueur-
cup top. Carry it in
your pocket.

8'9

per half-bottle flask



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

Combines its own
face lotion ★



★ and so shave all of us!

An Ingramshave will save your face
from discomfort because its grand, rich
lather contains an after-shave lotion
with a before-shave action. Protect your-
self against razor soreness — ask for
Ingram's. In large tubes everywhere.



49/3/7

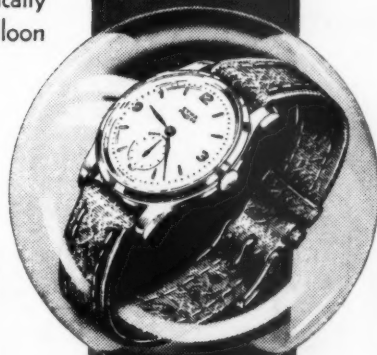
IN WIND OR RAIN WEAR A
Peltinvain

WEATHERCOAT



Sheltered

as in a hermetically
sealed glass balloon



The

**CYMA
TRIPLEX**

movement

owes its successful protection
against DUST and DIRT
to the perfect construction of
its specially built case.

CYMA

TRIPLEX

SHOCK-ABSORBER • DUSTPROOF • NON-MAGNETIC
WORLD'S FINEST WATCH FOR ALL CLIMATES AND ROUGH WEAR

The Sign of FINE TAILORING



HARRY HALL

THE GREATEST NAME IN
RIDING WEAR

A reputation for fine Riding Wear can only be built upon years of practical experience in this specialized art of tailoring. Such has been the tradition of HARRY HALL for over sixty years—a tradition of style, cut and faultless workmanship. These qualities are reflected no less in our Town and Country Suits and Coats. To be dressed by HARRY HALL is to be dressed correctly, as more and more men and women of taste and discrimination know to their satisfaction.

Our prices and terms are in line with present day economic trends and we invite you to call to see our new season's range of fine materials—or to write for our Catalogue 'P'.

HARRY HALL LTD.

235-237, Regent Street, W.1.
(Oxford Street End)
Telephone: REGent 6601
Agents everywhere

9HM/11

TO KILL WOODWORM USE RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID



If Woodworm is attacking your furniture and woodwork INJECT Rentokil Timber Fluid into the flight holes. Save yourself ££s by getting the complete outfit. 10/6 (inc. 8oz. bottle of Timber Fluid & Injector). Refills from 2/6.

AND TO PREVENT WOODWORM USE RENTOKIL FURNITURE CREAM

A brilliant gloss AND protection against woodworm are the dual qualities of this famous cream—1/3 & 2/3 a bottle. If unable to obtain Rentokil products locally, send to



Rentokil Ltd., Dept. P.U.,
School Lane, Fitcham,
Leatherhead, Surrey.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

COGNAC

BISQUIT

A Rare Compliment to your Palate

BISQUIT DUBOUCHÉ & CO COGNAC

THE PERFECT GIFT for any man!



PRICE
12/10
with 2 blades
and strop
(Inc. Tax)

SOLD
EVERYWHERE



THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD.,
OAKLEY WORKS, ACTON, W.4

Give him this new WILKINSON SELF-STROPPING RAZOR for Christmas with its two LONG LIFE HOLLOW GROUND BLADES and leather strop, and he will find shaving a pleasure.

It is an attractive gift in its ivory and black plastic case. And when the time comes to buy new blades—months ahead!—he will find WILKINSON HOLLOW GROUND BLADES most economical, in packets of 4 for 4/11d.—a year's shaving in every packet! Other Wilkinson Self-stropping Razors, from 21/- to 60/- (including Purchase Tax).

CAR COMFORT and over 100 miles to the gallon

Here is something new in transportation. Uncannily silent, clean and comfortable to ride, the "L.E." is car-like in conception, BUT there's over a 100 miles per gallon.

Write for list 'P', Velocette Ltd., Birmingham 28

WITH THE NEW SILENT



I BELIEVE YOU LOVE
YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

4/1 1/2d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST,
NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for over 130 years



Prompt relief from

ACIDITY...

..... can be counted on when 'Milk of Magnesia' is ready to hand in the Medicine Cabinet. This quick acting antacid is especially comforting should you ever eat or drink unwisely, smoke too much or sit up too late. Being also a most effective laxative, 'Milk of Magnesia' will relieve the system—leaving you feeling clear-headed and so much fitter.

'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK

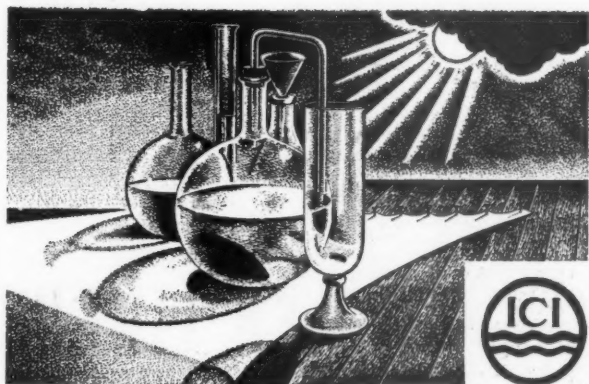
Large size 3/2—equals 3 small size 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE
CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

'Caledon' Jade Green

During the early years of the present century, the anthraquinone dyestuffs were developed from coal tar chemicals for use with cottons and cellulosic rayons. These new dyes gave the dyer a range of colours both more permanent and more brilliant than he had had before. But the range was incomplete; there was no green of brilliant hue.

In 1921, the discovery of 16:17-dimethoxydibenzanthrone gave the world the dyestuff known as 'Caledon' Jade Green. The ingenious piece of research that led to 'Caledon' Jade Green was carried out by Arthur Davies, Robert Fraser Thomson and John Thomas of Scottish Dyes Ltd.—a company later merged in I.C.I. They started with an established blue dye, dibenzanthrone, which they transformed by chemical means into an unattractive green powder, insoluble in water. In the process of application this was convertible into a soluble form, enabling it to be dyed on to cloth, and then oxidised to give the vivid green shade that is now famous throughout the world. 'Caledon' Jade Green is especially resistant to laundering and dry-cleaning, besides being little affected by bright sunlight. Its discovery was a major achievement of the British dyestuffs industry, and ranks as one of the world's five greatest dyestuffs discoveries of recent years, three of which have been the work of I.C.I. chemists.



Dewar's "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum retail prices
33/4 per bottle
17/5 per half-bottle
As fixed by
The Scotch Whisky Assoc.



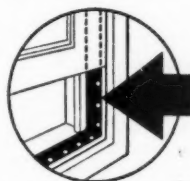
INFILTRATION- the 'cold war' tactic!

As the thermometer drops and the wind rises it's the zero hour for General Winter's attack. Modern methods now give you the means of defeating cold air infiltration through badly fitting windows and doors.

Draught exclusion by HERMESEAL will reduce this leakage by as much as 95%, lowering the rate of air change in your home or office to such an extent

that fuel goes further and real comfort is assured.

Suitable for every type of door or window, HERMESEAL is a permanent installation in phosphor-bronze alloy, carrying a ten-year guarantee. Write today for full details.



HERMESEAL

PERMANENTLY EXCLUDES DRAUGHTS

BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD.
HEAD OFFICE: 4 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Grosvenor 4324 (3 lines)



'be my friend'

Here's something that you can do this very minute—help a child whose young life is being wrecked by cruelty, by enrolling as a Friend of the N.S.P.C.C. All it involves is a promise to send 2/6 a year—a book of stamps will do.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children needs your help more than ever. It is the only body whose particular business it is to act in cases of cruelty. It only prosecutes in the last resort—help and advice always come first.

N · S · P · C · C

PLEASE ENROL AS A FRIEND TODAY



To the N.S.P.C.C. VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2. Please enrol me as a Friend of the N.S.P.C.C. I enclose my first contribution—and promise to subscribe 2/6 a year (or more if I want to).

NAME

ADDRESS

D. 22

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)



By Appointment
Motor Mower Manufacturers
Charles H. Pugh Ltd.

ATCO MOTOR MOWERS SERVICE

Your Atco Depot Manager will gladly arrange to service your Atco Motor Mower during the Winter months if you will contact him in good time.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.,
Whitworth Works,
Birmingham, 9

Atco Motor Mowers
Atcoscythes
Atco Boatimpellers
Atco Service



FAMOUS IN FIVE CONTINENTS



for Magnificent Motoring

Typically English is the description which almost inevitably is applied to the Riley, a car which cannot be closely compared with products of any other country. It is a car the ancestry of which can be traced back over a long period of years, and which in new post-war form has earned ever-increasing popularity.

Vide "The Motor" 22nd June 1949

1½ litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199. 1. 8

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266. 17. 2

Riley—as old as the industry—as modern as the hour

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS" 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd. Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



NOW!

**Reduced fares
to Dublin**

**Fly any
day of
the week!**

Special Winter fares*

Enjoy a sure, swift flight and deep-seated comfort by Aer Lingus airliner. No visa required, only a passport or travel identity card. No fuss or delay. Special return fares for schoolchildren and students travelling to and from educational courses. Call Aer Lingus, BEA or your local travel agent for immediate bookings. Send your goods by air too. Remember—the £ is still worth 20/- in Ireland. * Valid for 17 days.

£7

RETURN FROM GLASGOW

£6.6

RETURN FROM LIVERPOOL

£6.12

RETURN FROM MANCHESTER

£9

RETURN FROM BIRMINGHAM

£11

RETURN FROM LONDON

TRAVEL TO IRELAND THE EASY WAY

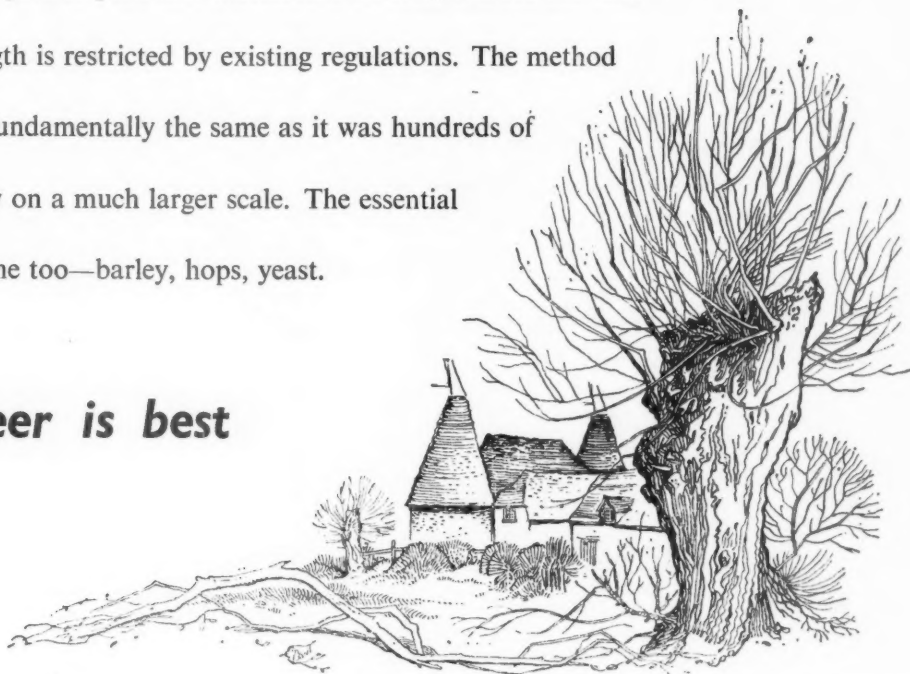
AER LINGUS

IRISH AIR LINES



Beer today is just as pure and wholesome as ever, but for the time being its strength is restricted by existing regulations. The method of brewing is fundamentally the same as it was hundreds of years ago, only on a much larger scale. The essential basis is the same too—barley, hops, yeast.

beer is best



THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
★ FOR BOOKS ★

FOR YOUR
CHRISTMAS
GIFTBOOKS



Stock of 3 million
volumes

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W.C.2.

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)



There's something about John Cotton Tobacco that satisfies—and goes on satisfying a man. It has been a firm favourite among discriminating pipe smokers for over a century. Likewise those who enjoy a really good cigarette will always prefer John Cotton No. 1.

★ John Cotton Tobacco—Nos. 1 & 2	4/9 an oz.
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what he
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(and so, very
probably,
would she)



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SHEETS
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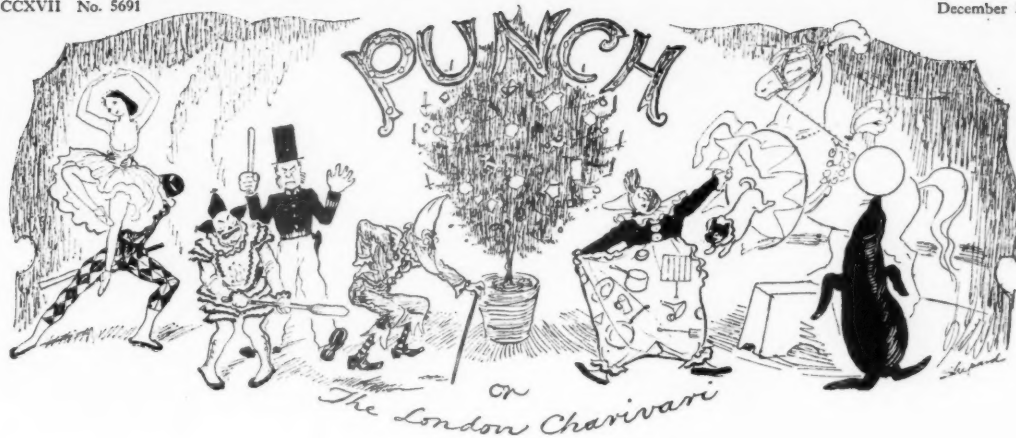


Look for this sewn-on label

Φ2



Have a
Guinness
when you're **TIRED**



CHARIVARIA

PURCHASE tax on some Christmas cards is to be reduced with effect from January 2nd, 1950. Greetings from north of the border are being reworded to express the hope that recipients had a Merry Christmas.

Our Dumb Friends

"A present delivered last night from an anonymous person was a new bust of Churchill with his well-known bulldog, Scowl."—*"Egyptian Gazette"*



A magistrate expresses the opinion that juvenile delinquency might be curbed if policemen carried canes to give punishment on the spot. The usual spot, that is.

A furniture dealer, weary of contributing six-and-two pence a week for his free health service, is going to advertise a free furnishing service for customers paying similar instalments.

Estate Agent's Caution

"PROBABLY IN WHAT IS PROBABLY THE BEST RESIDENTIAL POSITION IN THE UNIVERSITY TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE"
Advt. in *"The Times"*

A British Railways train-set complete with every accessory is now to be seen in the toy-shops. It is made even more lifelike by the remote-control operation.

"Christmas this year will be more than ever a children's festival," a newspaper says. Reports from the distilleries indicate that it will certainly be an occasion for tiny tots.

Solution To This Week's Problem

"To the Editor of 'The Inquirer': It would be very much better if the British could make some arrangements for world wide trade as it would be the means of helping to keep their countrymen employed, and at the same time repay the U.S.A."

Mrs. MARY E. WOODING,
"Philadelphia Inquirer"

Many fashionable women have taken up pipe-smoking. For some of them this will solve the problem of what to give up in the New Year.



"Efforts to open a coal-mining industry in Tanganyika are being made by the Colonial Development Corporation. There are no coalfields there at present, a Corporation official stated last night."—*"Daily Telegraph"*

Someone jealous of the Ministry of Food?

The annual census of Zoo animals, birds and insects, due to take place this month, is no easy task. We understand that less-experienced keepers are detailed to count the elephants.



*Curiosity.*

CHRISTMAS CARDS

ONE hardly has sufficient time to grapple With Burnham Beeches and St. George's Chapel, Old-fashioned towns with cobble-stones and gables And gingham-aproned rabbits scrubbing tables, Stage-coaches, skaters, snowballs and rascallions, Three date-palms and a camel, Spanish galleons, Wild Geese in Flight (to nowhere in particular), Close-up of Table Mountain and funicular, Big Ben, the Brabazon, the wistful cocker, The amiable pandas playing soccer, Phenomenally lush herbaceous borders And carol-singers, fiddles and recorders, Before another post brings sleighs and Cossacks And cattle ruminating in the Trossachs, The ladye fayre in crinoline and mittens, The ornamental basket full of kittens, Gallants and belles exchanging tender pledges, St. Paul's Cathedral, squirrels steering sledges, "Anemones," with "Daffodils" to match it, The scene of festive jollity *chez* Cratchit, The yule-log fire beside the paw-tucked tabby, The Changing of the Guard and Beaulieu Abbey, Personified mince pies, groundnuts and dollars, Giraffes discreetly wearing Eton collars, The *Queen Elizabeth* (in colour) docking—

Excuse me, but I hear the postman knocking.

GNOMES

FRANCIS BACON considered that a garden was a place to grow flowers in. "As for the making of knots or figures, with divers coloured earths," he writes, "they be but toys; you may see as good sights, many times, in tarts." It would have been pleasant to read his opinion of the twentieth century, with its garden toys borrowed from the nursery cupboard, birds and rabbits and squirrels, artfully carved with a smiling pretence of reality.

The gardeners of antiquity set statues in the groves because they believed in them. They were a tribute to the genius of the place. The classical gardeners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries set statues against their dark yew hedges because they liked them. It was not suggested that Homer or Hercules was actually resident in the garden or that Dryads and Pans were actually cavorting in the glades. The statues were suited to the scene, but no one affected to suppose that they were not statues. It has remained for this age to introduce its deadening archness among the flowers. The modern habit no longer exhibits a work of art honestly designed for a setting of hedge and lawn. It plants its little models in the garden and, with a deplorable mixture of sentiment and fun, basely pretends to believe in the them.

Of all these nursery figures of the garden there is none that offends the mind more deeply than the gnome. In the first place he claims, with his permanent smile, to share a joke with you, and nothing is more tedious than an interminable pleasantry. In the second place a creature of fantasy designed to look alive is a contradiction in terms. If fairies exist, then gnomes at twenty-nine and sixpence are a gross insult. If they do not, the winsome pretence that they do is exacerbating to the reason. A statue of Neptune in a fountain, a bust of Voltaire in a grove, are decorations. They have been placed where they are as examples of the sculptor's art—an essential part of the design which a gardener has made. But neither art nor plan has gone to the creation of the mass-produced garden gnome. He is not a decoration. He is a permanent expression of an organized whimsicality. He squats by the cemented lily-pond, for ever fishing and for ever enjoying the same private joke—the symbol of a foolish affectation shared by a thousand laughing housewives.

You may see as good sights, many times, on Christmas cakes.

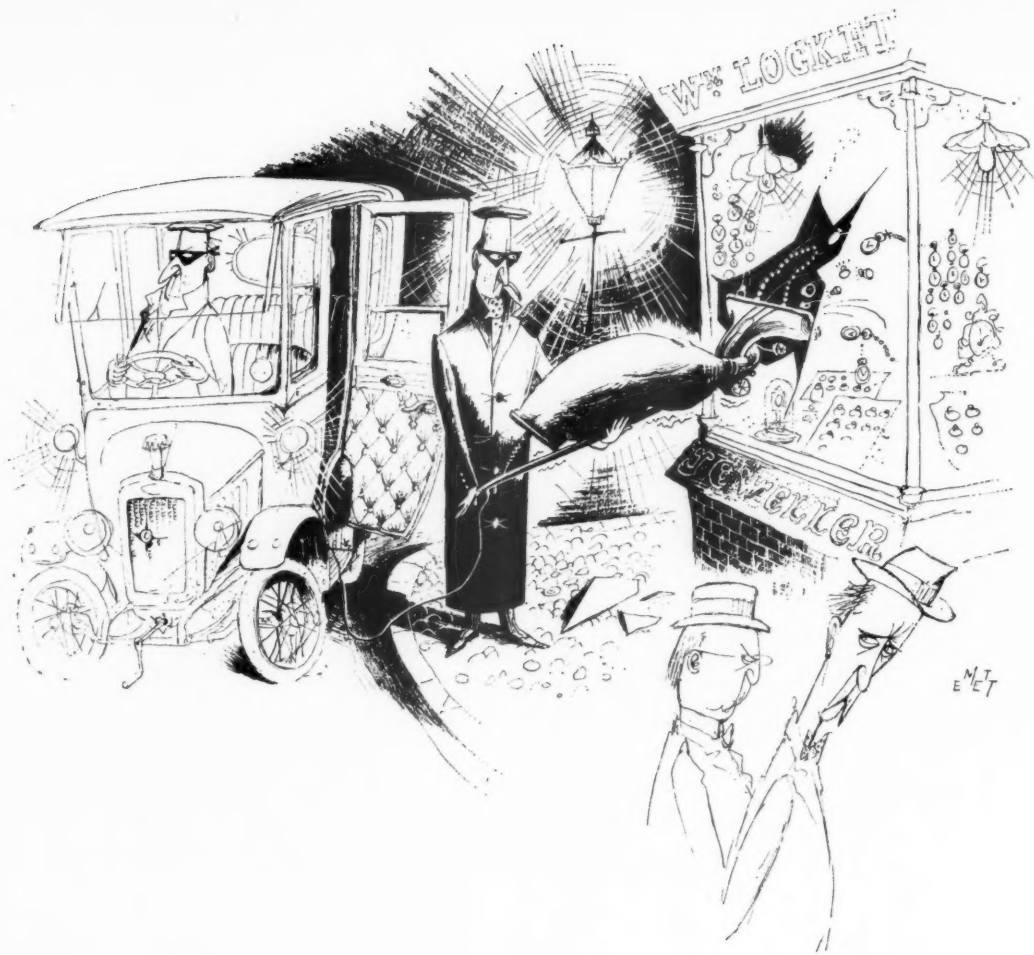
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"Young foreign gentleman, well educated, serious and well presentable should be grateful to English well educated person who would talk with him, gratuitously, in order to improve his already good English."—"Kensington News"

Not only gratuitously, we advise, but frankly.



THE CHILD AND THE TREE



"I honestly don't think the evening papers'll be able to call it smash and grab."

SECOND OPINION

I WAS pottering about in the kitchen, whipping up a spot of lunch as a surprise for my wife, who had gone to call on her mother, when the front doorbell rang. Laying aside the cauliflower I was preparing for the pot I went to the door and opened it.

A tall man in a rather good tweed suit was standing there. Obviously down on his luck, judging by the way he avoided my eye.

"Yes?" I said, a trifle sharply. I am not one of those people who spend hours on the doorstep chatting to strangers.

"Excuse me," said the tall man, "but have you an electric cooker?"

"Yes, we have," I replied. "And even if we hadn't I wouldn't dream of buying one at the door. Good morning." I closed the door, none too gently, and went back into the kitchen with a rather satisfying *frou-frou* of plastic apron.

I had just resumed work on the cauliflower when the bell rang again. I went back and opened the door. The tall man was still there.

"I wasn't trying to *sell* you a cooker," he said. "I wanted to ask your advice about mine. My name's Mumford," he added quickly. "We're the new people in the flat above, you know."

I had my apron off in a flash.

"Why, of course," I said. "Do come in."

Mumford hesitated. "As a matter of fact," he began, "I'm having a bit of trouble with the Sunday joint. My wife's gone to church and left me to cope." He gave a nervous little laugh. "It's the first time I've ever tackled Sunday timing myself, actually."

I felt for the man. If we had been acting in an American flying picture I would have given him one of those understanding little man-to-man punches in the solar plexus. As it was, I merely slipped into my jacket and motioned to him to lead the way.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked as I followed him up the stairs.

"The cooker appears to be on fire," he replied.

I nodded gravely. "And what kind of joint have you got?" I asked. Some, I know from my own experience, are considerably more inflammable than others.

"It's roughly elliptical in shape," said Mumford; "rather like a half-inflated rugby football."

I gave a low whistle. If I had interpreted his words correctly we were up against a piece of veal. And veal can be the very devil.

He opened the door of his flat and we went in. A cloud of thick, brown smoke met us in the hall.

We groped our way into the kitchen. It didn't take me long to locate the cooker. Motioning Mumford to stand back I bent down and opened the oven door.

The first thing I did was to snatch the smouldering oven-cloth from the back of the oven and throw it into the sink. Then, as the smoke cleared, I looked at the joint. It was a quite passable piece of beef. True, it had taken a lot of punishment, but it was not yet beyond human aid.

I ran a practised eye over the control panel on the front of the cooker. All switches were set to full boost. The top of the cooker itself was red hot. In a basket under the table a retriever was gasping for breath. I quickly snapped off all switches and moved an empty and rapidly disintegrating saucepan from the top of the cooker to a place of safety. Then, protecting my hands from the heat with Mumford's Sunday paper, I slid the joint out of the oven and carried it to the window.

"Do you think we can save it?" asked Mumford, peering over my shoulder.

I shrugged my shoulders. I didn't intend to let the fellow off too lightly.

He watched me in silence while I held the joint under the tap to remove odd traces of oven-cloth. With pathetic eagerness he helped me replace it in the pan and slide it back into the oven. Then I closed the oven door, checked dials and

straightened up. Mumford made gusty noises of relief. The retriever heaved itself from its basket and tottered across to lick my hand.

"Can't thank you enough," said Mumford gruffly.

I made one or two delicate but quite unnecessary adjustments to the controls, basking in the man's admiration.

"Give it another ten minutes," I said, "and it will be done to a turn."

The chap was still obviously shaken, so I didn't leave him immediately. Instead, I gave him one or two simple jobs, such as laying the table, while I whipped up a pot of fresh mustard and brought the potatoes to the boil. Then, after a quick look at the table to make sure he'd made no awful mistakes, I left him.

His thanks followed me down the stairs to my own flat. Feeling rather pleased with myself I unlocked the front door and went in.

A cloud of thick, brown smoke met me in the hall. . .

AMERICAN IN MAYFAIR

"BOOKSELLER to the King," said the sign,
So I waited about
A long afternoon to see
His Majesty come out.

Oh, I waited and waited
Till the clock struck six;
"He must be fussy," I said,
"About the books he picks."

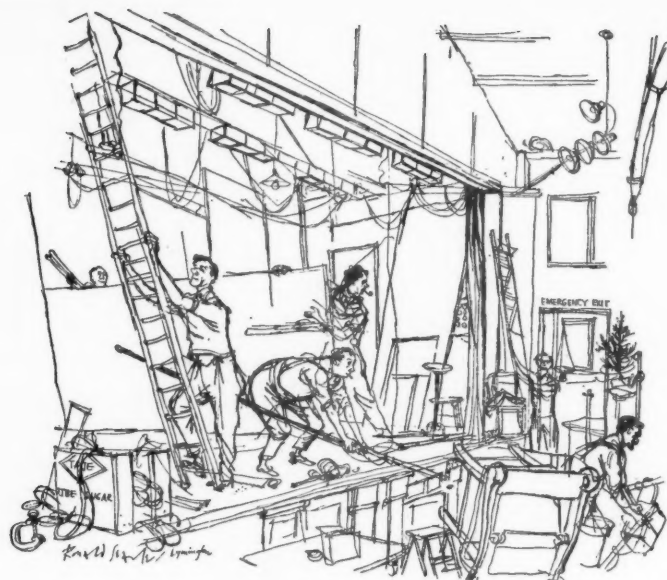
When the bookseller came
To put the shutters up
I asked him exactly the time
The King came to the shop.

"He doesn't come," he said,
"But sends a man instead."
"Then you should write it up
"There on the sign," I said.

"Sir," he said, "please don't forget
"How much the King has to
do;
"He can't go browsing all the
day
"Like gentlemen like you."

"Wonder who this is from?
There's no ticking."





OPERATION GREASEPAINT

THE time is one-thirty on a fine winter afternoon. Two young men have gone nimbly aloft, another is tying a fisherman's bend to a spar, while a fourth is unpacking a large hamper. But if you think Mr. Punch's Artist and I are about to lunch in a well-found yacht you are yourself at sea, for the scene is the Parish Hall of Lymington, Hampshire, and the crew I describe is the advance party of the Salisbury Arts Theatre, fitting up a betaselled Victorian set in preparation for the arrival of the players in their motor coach at six. We have driven down this morning, through the gleaming valley of the Avon, in a lorry from which the legs of assistant stage managers and occasional sofas protruded indiscriminately; we have feasted in Lymington's enviable community centre; and now that the more obstinate bits of the school-children's rice-pudding have been prized from the floor, our kind hosts are settling down manfully to their expert job of assembly. . . .

Why are we here? It's a long story, which I must tell briefly. All over Britain repertory companies are gamely fighting an important battle against public apathy about

the survival of the live theatre. This battle is important, because the great majority of the population seldom gets to London, where in any case too many West End productions are aimed at the lowest levels of popular taste. Outside London and its club productions most of the intelligent work in the professional theatre is being done by reps, and very good this can be, all things considered; but if you consider the strain of giving eight performances a week and at the same time rehearsing next week's play, reading the play

for the week after that, and possibly helping to make dresses as well, you will see how a weekly change of programme must impose a fairly rough standard. Few towns, however, are big enough to provide an audience for a fortnight. Some enterprising managers have achieved a two-week run by exchanging theatres with a neighbouring rep, but obviously distance limits the number of such arrangements.

Well, the Salisbury Company, sensibly backed by the Arts Council, has now gone one better with a three-week period (the Arts Council Midland Company enjoys the same advantage, but, having no theatre of its own, is constantly on tour). This has been managed by forming two equal companies from a common pool, each playing a week in Salisbury and a fortnight round various towns in Wessex, going out by coach and coming back to its digs after the show. Two mobile columns of trained professionals are thus actively engaged in taking the living drama into the celluloid wilderness. Surely that is an exciting thought? For one week in three the Salisbury theatre, which would otherwise be empty, is filled from outside. Ballet,



puppets and variety are among the visitors. Salisbury is therefore getting a fine cross-section of entertainment, and is indeed a lucky town; luckier, I gather, than it has yet quite realized, for it is somewhat slow-moving in practical appreciation; but in spite of that the experiment is already working smoothly.

Last night in the Arts Theatre—its charming auditorium showing no signs of being born a Baptist chapel and brought up a cinema—we saw a production of *Musical Chairs* far and away above normal rep standards. It was attractively mounted, and a very sound cast had been drilled by Mr. Denis Carey, the Assistant Producer, into giving good sharp performances that fitted tautly together. We heard every word, sitting at the back in a box so grand that only the most painful self-discipline restrained us from bowing.

This morning, before we set out with the pioneers, we were taken by Mr. Michael Wide, the Manager, on a tour of a self-contained unit for the supply of both companies. The Designer, Mr. Henry Graveney, we found whistling an incantation in his witch's hideout over steaming brews of paint about to be slapped on the sets for the panto. In the carpenter's shop the collapsible jeep which will make many children's evening, hospitably made our morning by collapsing all over the Master Carpenter, Mr. Stanley Astin. In the Wardrobe Mr. Edward Mason and Miss Anne Blackmore were thoughtfully concocting all manner of exotic costumes. The workshops are cramped and uncomfortable, but the fact that they have been condemned seems only to add to the pleasure of a team that is young and madly enthusiastic. It is hard to imagine a more practical training-ground, for the men in charge know their business, and in the management is nothing hit-and-miss. The walls of Mr. Wide's office carried encouraging attendance graphs, and there was a large operations map of

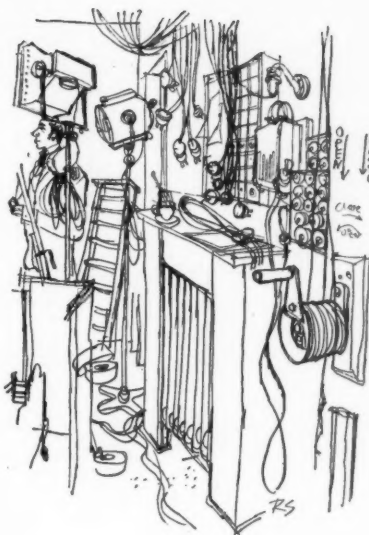


Wessex that would not have disgraced a bomber station. He gave me a list of plays done since September, and it included *The Circle*, *Dangerous Corner*, *A Phoenix Too Frequent*, *The Rivals* and *Mr. Bolfry*. No one could grumble at that. Occasionally a popular winner goes into the bill. Crime is unfailing, even in the shadow of a cathedral, and Shakespeare is sure-fire. . . .

And now back to Lymington, where things are going bravely on the small stage. To-night's play is Sydney Grundy's delightful extravagance *A Pair of Spectacles*, and Victorian bits and pieces are being lovingly laid on. Three of the advance guard are erecting the set, bolting, banging, hammering and heaving. The electrician is fixing his spots to a long bar that will be hauled up into the roof on block tackle. The prop-man is still busily unshipping a multitude of objects, from the magic spectacles to the cuckoo-clock. This clock is a crucial prop, and one of the squad will have to make the silly bird leap out at the right moment while another personally gives it tongue. The latter is a two-note man with a terrible responsibility.

All this heavy and exacting work is being done in the friendliest spirit but with the utmost precision and without the waste of a second. "On a bit more at the top, Harry!" cries Mr. Peter Hicks, the A.S.M., checking the alignment of the mantelpiece from the floor of the hall. "What's that join like? That's not bad at all."

Including the adjustment of the spots it takes over four hours before Mr. Hicks and his mates are happy. All the furniture has had to be dusted and the carpet swept as if the Lady Mayoress were coming to tea. Then the coach arrives from Salisbury bringing Mr. Peter Potter, the Director of Productions, and the cast. I ask Mr. Potter where he



recruits his actors, and the answer is the West End, other reps and the dramatic schools. He is all for getting youngsters new to the game, but he thinks an experienced core is essential. About new plays, he tells me sadly that those submitted seldom justify the risks of production—risks a rep cannot often accept. Talking to him it is easy to understand the gusto we have found right through the company. . . .

When the curtain goes up we take an almost paternal pride in the elegant frippery of Mr. Goldfinch's dining-room. The comedy is a beauty, one of the fattest Victorian plums, and it is played to our resounding satisfaction. These young people have the real feeling of the theatre in them, and Mr. Potter has brought it out wonderfully. A nearly full house, that but for them would never have heard of Sydney Grundy, cheers them as they deserve. . . .

Going back in the coach is like returning from some triumphant match. The songs for the panto nearly lift the roof. Only one man is dejected. He was the butler, and an airpocket forming under his wig spoilt his performance for him, though for nobody else. We assure him these little things will happen, even to the best-regulated domes.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Reckless Moment—East of the Rising Sun

YOU don't remember *Caught*, perhaps, about six months ago? It never did get as much attention as I thought it deserved. It comes into the same category as *The Reckless Moment* (Director: MAX OPULS) because it had the same director and because it, too, used a sort of woman's-magazine story and made it satisfying by skilled, imaginative treatment. This one is literally a woman's-magazine story, being a version of a "Ladies' Home Journal" novel by ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING, and one can recognize the extreme care and efficiency with which it was aimed at the typical reader of that glossy publication. Essentially its point is to show a mother (mature, but of course "poised" and attractive—JOAN BENNETT, in fact) coping with violent death and blackmail while still briskly looking after the housework—in the week before Christmas, too—and keeping the family happy; and the great merit of the picture is the credibility of this domestic detail and the immense directorial

and acting competence with which it is presented. There are, to be sure, exciting and violent episodes, but apart from these throughout the film one is kept constantly interested and entertained by the authenticity and freshness of the scenes, by tiny sketches of character (the

*[East of the Rising Sun]*

Pan-American
Carnahan—SPENCER TRACY

chilling bonhomie of the woman in the loan office) and by the good photography and use of sound. As for all this fuss and serious talk about the fact that JAMES MASON doesn't appear till one-third of the way through "a James Mason picture," I see no point in it. His part is a perfectly good one, he does it well and he has every reason to be satisfied with his share in a well-made, unpretentious, enjoyable film.

("There is a Tavern in the Town"), their return to Malaya after it has been recovered for them through the free-lance heroism of typically tough and dashing American adventurers. But one shouldn't allow one's irritation at this to make one forget that most of the film is thrilling and entertaining; and even before it becomes thrilling the very great expertness of the playing of JAMES STEWART, JOHN HODIAK and SPENCER TRACY, and the well-written, amusing dialogue, make scenes in which nothing very much is happening a pleasure to watch. It seems that a Los Angeles reporter (Mr. STEWART) and a friend of his released for the occasion from Alcatraz (Mr. TRACY) were given the job of smuggling thousands of tons of rubber out of Japanese-

occupied Malaya (May-laya); this shows us how they did it, with the help of an omniscient local café-proprietor (SYDNEY GREENSTREET), and it's an exciting story enough, with a climax like two or three naval battles in one. The biggest mistake is the casting of the lovely VALENTINA CORTESE as a café singer. Another mistake is that ending, but the U.S. public will see nothing wrong with it.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An interesting new one begins in London on the 22nd: *The Rocking Horse Winner*. Releases include *Colorado Territory* (27/7/49), a workmanlike, exciting Western with amusing dialogue; *The Spider and the Fly* (14/12/49), an entertaining, artificial story of gentlemanly crime in 1913 Paris; and the latest Disney, *So Dear to My Heart* (5/10/49)—simple, tuneful escapism mostly in "live action," with not much Disney.

RICHARD MALLETT

*[The Reckless Moment]*

Registered Blackmail

Lucia Harper—JOAN BENNETT
Martin Donnelly—JAMES MASON

No English person can help getting a rather sour impression from the anticlimax, or fadeaway, of *East of the Rising Sun* (Director: RICHARD THORPE), which shows the American public a lot of prancing Limeys in eccentric uniforms celebrating, by singing one of their childish simple and corny songs

THE MUCH ENDURING SCREEN

THEY will need a good actor, be it James Mason or Gregory Peck or whomsoever they may choose, to have the principal man's rôle in the film of Homer's *Odyssey*, if indeed they are going to film it at all. Such moments as that when the Cyclops has torn the hero's companions limb from limb and devoured them like a mountain lion, and crunched their bones, and Odysseus gives him mellow wine and makes a pointed stake and screws it into the monster's eye until the roots of it crackle, and gets his whole party away under the bellies of sheep.

Or that when his foolish shipmates unfasten the bag containing all the winds of Æolus, or that when he sees them turn into bristly pigs, shedding tears in their sties.

Or that when he sacrifices a young ram and a black ewe to the God of Death and Persephone, and, sitting by the trench that he has dug, converses with the souls that are conjured up from the underworld.

Or that when, having finished off the suitors in the Hall, he hangs his twelve immodest maidservants by their necks outside in the courtyard.

And most of the time of course he will be weeping: sometimes weeping silently and sometimes groaning aloud; and only at rare intervals permitting himself the luxury of a sardonic smile.

But no good film-actor would have trouble with scenes like these. It is the love interest that bothers me. I do not know which star will play the chief feminine rôle. I mean the rôle of Pallas Athene.

A pedant may say that she is nothing but a formula meant to please the pious people of that famed city where the poem was read or sung, so that the film people can dispense with her altogether. But to me the *Odyssey* without this heavenly nursemaid would be no *Odyssey* at all.

You can say if you like that the Princess Nausicaa has a good part. Girl comes to beach with girl friends to wash clothes and finds Boy cast upon the shore by the sea. Girl gives Boy something to wear and Boy follows Girl to Father's beautiful Home. But then Boy doesn't marry girl, because Boy is middle-aged and has a wife waiting for him way back in Ithaca (Greece). Boy has little right in Hollywood to treat Girl like this, and there is not much fun in that part, nor very much in Penelope's, nor in those of the ageless vamps who held Odysseus in thrall.

It is Athene who goes places and gets things done. When a girl can fly down from heaven in her golden sandals, and now impersonate a Taphian chief and now put on the appearance of Mentor and now that of Telemachus himself, and change from a sister of Penelope to a girl friend of Nausicaa's, and become a phantom in a dream, or a seafaring man, or a young shepherd, or a weight-marker in the Phæacian games, or a warrior in shining arms, and run a boat down to the sea and cloak a man in mist and cover his head with hyacinthine curls and cause him to flame with immortal beauty, or make him quite old and bald so

that the torch-light glitters from his pate, and turn aside spears so that they fail to hit their mark, and end an interview by flying through a hole in the roof or sitting on a rafter like a swallow or disappearing like an ossifrage (well, Chapman calls it an ossifrage—sea-eagle to you)—then I think we must ask whether the energy of a Betty Grable outweighs the experience of a Greer Garson, whether it is a Jane Russell or an Ida Lupino that we really need.

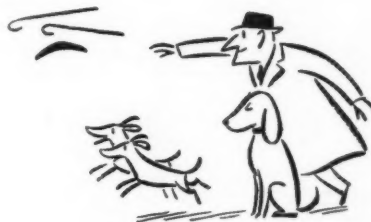
Nor shall I care, so long as she fulfils my dream of that versatile goddess, whether her technicolored eyes are yellow as the owl's or grey as the sea.

There is one other good part (albeit a small one) for a girl, but it only comes into the story that King Menelaus tells in Lacedæmon when Telemachus pays a visit there. That is the part of the ocean nymph Idothea who covered Menelaus and three of his retainers with the skins of young seals, which she had flayed, in order to hoodwink her father Proteus, and, because the poor mortals could not stand the smell, anointed their noses with ambrosia.

And that is how old Sea Tell Truth was caught.

It needs a girl who is a strong swimmer, with some knowledge of taxidermy, and might suit a very young and rising star.

EVOE



A GIFT FOR DETECTION

MY friend M. sometimes speaks of his elder sister Bernice, who lives in the United States. For the past three years she has been the star of *Hello, Mr. Vaudeville of 1949*. To be more accurate, at first she was the star of *Hello, Mr. Vaudeville*, and then, in the subsequent year, of *Hello, Mr. Vaudeville of 1948*; for next year she has a contract to star in *Hello, Mr. Vaudeville of 1950*. From the pinnacles of this transatlantic success she sends my friend M. three or four long letters a year, filled mostly with her many matrimonial problems, and at or near Christmas-time she adds a hard-currency present of luxurious uselessness. Last Christmas she gave him a home recording set, and the year before an engine for the rapid mass-opening of mail (M. gets about two letters a week).

This year the sisterly parcel so baffled him that, after tearing the wrappings to shreds in the search for an instruction-book, he telephoned for my help. We have an understanding that he knows all about Art and I know all about Science.

As he described it, this was clearly a piece of Science. It was, he said, a coloured metal box about the size and shape of *Who's Who*, with no knobs, dials or other possible sources of entertainment or edification; and packed up with it was a pair of earphones attached to a long lead terminating in a plug. "I'm just mad about it really," M. said, "but I'd be happier if I knew what it did."

"Is there anywhere for the plug to go?" I asked him.

"Hold on." A metallic grating sound came over the telephone. "There's a little round hole," M. reported, "that might do."

"Plug in and listen." M. did so. "What do you hear?" I asked him.

"There's a faint ticking sound." "A faint ticking? Are you sure?"

"A kind of clicking," M. confirmed.

I spoke in slow, calm tones. "I want you not to panic. Go out to the kitchen as quick as possible

and fetch a bucket of water. Then pick up the box without tilting it, if you can—"

A loud crash sounded from M.'s end. I had been too late, it seemed. Well, I had done all I could . . .

M. spoke to me apologetically: "I forgot to take the damn headset off."

"Is the box damaged?"

"It wasn't the box that went, it was my desk-lamp. Hold on, there's the postman." There was a long silence, and M. came back. "There's one from Bernice. She says—blah, blah, blah—she's sending another food-parcel soon, and—blah, blah, blah—oh, yes, listen to this: *I hope you like your Christmas present, it's a Geiger counter, Jack says they're simply wonderful now you can get portable ones, you simply plug in and listen, only you must be careful on account of the cosmic rays. Go in and win.*"

Neither of us spoke for quite a time. "It's really awfully decent of her," I commented.

"But what is it for?"

"It's for detecting radio-activity."

"Thank you," M. said. "Do they fetch a good price second-hand?"

I thought this was ungratefully hasty. He might use it, I pointed out, to locate uranium ore, which would bring him a lot of money. There might be uranium anywhere—Hampstead Heath, Shepherd's Bush, under his own flat even. M. began to show more interest, and I called to mind for his benefit all I ever knew about Geiger counters. The clicking he had heard at first, I said, was due to cosmic rays; when he came near a piece of uranium it would get much more intense.

"Hold on," M. said. "I'm going prospecting."

In less than a minute he was back. "I've found it!" he reported in great excitement. "In my bedroom. I put the box down on that table by my bed and it began to click like a battery of typewriters. Come over and bring your pickaxe."

"Don't do anything," I warned him, "till I arrive."

I found him sitting on his bed listening beatifically to the scratching in the headset. I took the headset from him; it was certainly making a lot of noise. By way of experiment I carried the Geiger counter into the other room, and at once the sound was reduced to a faint tick. I replaced it on the table, and it began to click like a colony of death-watch beetles. We looked at each other with a wild surmise.

"What do you think we should do first?" M. asked me.

I said we should call in an expert, but M. said he wasn't letting anyone else in on his strike. He wanted to have the floor up at once; he would do the manual work, he said, if I would go out and get a book that said what uranium ore looked like. As a compromise he agreed to ring his solicitor first thing in the morning and get legal advice.

"And I mean first thing," he added righteously. "Really early, somewhere about ten. I shall set my alarm-clock for a quarter to, to make sure I don't miss it."

He picked up his alarm-clock from the bedside-table; and the clicks stopped at once.

"That's funny," M. said, and put the clock down again. The Geiger counter began to register immediately.

I had another surmise then, less wild than the first. It took a minute or two to persuade M. that the luminous face of his alarm-clock was radio-active, but a short practical demonstration finally convinced him. When I left he was busy with a pencil and an eraser recasting his schedule of Christmas presents. "If there's uranium under Hampstead Heath," he said, "I know a lot of people who'd simply love it."

B. A. YOUNG

§ §

To a Loquacious Committee-man
To doing good, for which you live,
Unstinting of your time you give.
But, oh, that you did not incline
To be so generous with mine!



Steele



"Dash it! Here's the piano tuner."

ARTY PARTY

A Dramatic Fragment

(The scene is an artist's studio)

SERGI SMITHERS. I think you'll like this one. I had my eye on just such a borough as yours when I threw it off. It represents Diana surprised by Cato while bathing.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Her bathing-dress need not go down to her ankles. Cut it off at the knee. We're broadminded folk down home.

SERGI SMITHERS. I can't draw knees. Do you like her teeth? I got a prize for teeth when I was a student.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. I like Cato's teeth better; they're larger. Would this be an oil-painting? It affects the price, you know. We should want an analyst's certificate.

SERGI SMITHERS. The sky is gouache and my signature is lithographed but the net oil area is not less than

ninety per cent. of the whole. My wife, who is also my partner, beat the frame out of copper.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Frames don't come on my vote. They are "Public Works and Joinery." The Art Gallery caretaker does a good deal of *passee-partout*. I expect he'll get the order.

MITZI SMITHERS. My frames are always welded on to the canvas. Would you like to see some of my ash-trays?

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Not unless you'll listen to my speech on the Town Hall Clock. I got the four faces cut down to one. It was sheer pandering to laziness, I told them, to keep more than one going. If people wanted to know the time they could walk round and look. My peroration began, "Whither-soever in this modern world of ours one casts the

penetrating eye of him who, not without an admixture of . . ."

MITZI SMITHERS. I withdraw my invitation. What would be your conditions for inspecting my copy of the Bayeux Tapestry in fretwork?

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Hearing me sing "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" in the styles of Betty Hutton, Harry Champion and Erich von Stroheim.

SERGI SMITHERS. The deal is off. The silent man on the throne was the model for Cato. He is staying until paid.

CARRUTHERS CAREW. The remuneration for these character parts, dear sir, is infinitesimal. Oh, but the reading, the research, the feeling of oneself into the personality of another. I assure you that for weeks I said nothing but "*Delenda est Carthago*." It split the Bridge Club, sir, and endangered my status in the "Cercle Français."

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Easy, it seems to me, just standing and letting the painter do the work. The Output Committee would refer back the estimate for you as soon as winking.

CARRUTHERS CAREW. Beshrew the Output Committee, sir, beshrew and beshrew it. I withdraw from this discourse to get myself inside the skin of my next impersonation—Alderman Daxter of Blueborough—donor, I would have you know, of the Daxter Bathroom in the Matron's flat at Blueborough Hospital.

SERGI SMITHERS. That's going to mean a good deal of technique for me. There will have to be specially strong varnish to cope with the steam. What would Councillor Badge like to drink? If he would tell us and hand over the advance on the picture we could send out for it. Any other course would result in the cheaper forms of beer.

MITZI SMITHERS. I weep to think of my wedding-day. My bottom drawer contained a dozen and a half of gin. Now it's full of back numbers of *Time and Tide* for the models to read while resting.

CARRUTHERS CAREW. Until my present job is over the only author I shall permit myself is Samuel Smiles. It may be of interest to mention . . .

MITZI SMITHERS. I'll change the conversation by playing loudly on my zither. What shall it be—"John Peel" or a spot of Czerny?

SERGI SMITHERS. There is a lack of conviviality displayed by the man Badge. Pay up: we're parched.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. The Committee will want the picture on appro for twelve months before any money passes. *Entre nous*, that's how we keep the Art Gallery supplied. Fact is, old mate, money never does pass.

MITZI SMITHERS. How has our new chum managed to get so confidential in this desert air?

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Wine gums! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!

SERGI SMITHERS. This is an opportunity to let slip the which . . .

MITZI SMITHERS. You mean the frescoes?

SERGI SMITHERS. Of course. Badge, what your town needs is something striking and opulent, something that will make the casual visitor to the Town Hall become a regular. I can do you a special bargain in mural decoration. These designs, transferred under my guidance to your civic walls, will put your home town on the map.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. It's there already. We'd sue the Ordnance Survey if it wasn't. Very litigious crowd we are, and proud of it.

SERGI SMITHERS. Hurrying past that point, I unroll these yellowing sheets before your enraptured eyes.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Why are all those folk wearing straw hats?

SERGI SMITHERS. My original target was Luton, but they let the chance promptly and decisively slip. Have you a Borough Hatband I could add?

COUNCILLOR BADGE. You'd have to take their hats off completely. It wouldn't be respectful with them on, not with Civic Dignitaries liable to pass to and fro. Who's the guy in the lion-skin?

SERGI SMITHERS. That is a lion. I had to put it in a hat too to avoid breaking the rhythm of the composition.

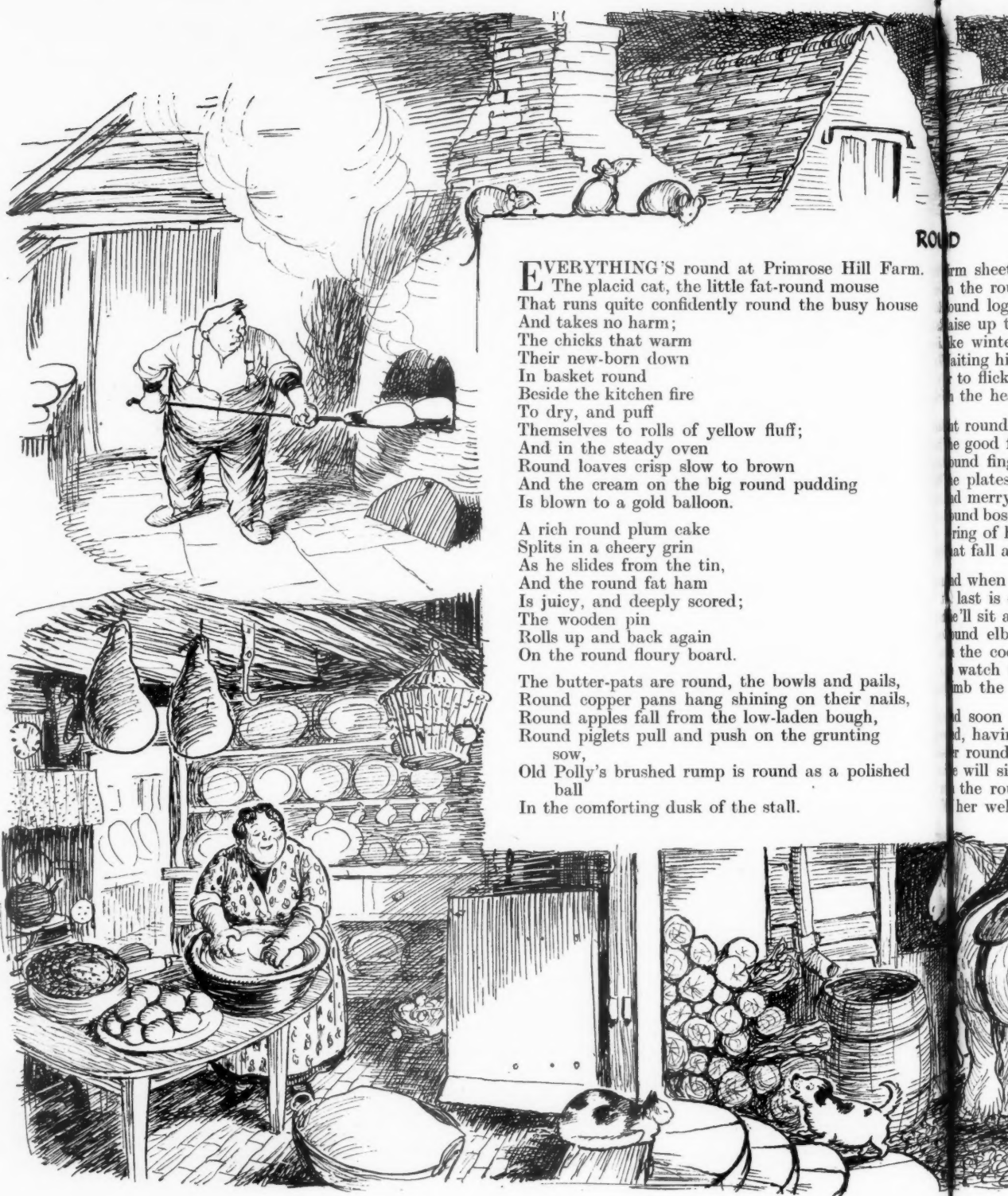
CARRUTHERS CAREW. What a part that was! My prowling and my roars are still remembered three floors below.

COUNCILLOR BADGE. Ha-ha, caught you. Don't want silly old pictures. Hate frescoes. Got to talk to school-leavers on "Art as a Career." Drew lots. Mayor got "The Call of Quantity Surveying." Do these stairs outside go up or down?

[Exit with sounds of bouncing
FINIS.

R. G. G. PRICE





ROUND

EVERYTHING'S round at Primrose Hill Farm.

The placid cat, the little fat-round mouse
That runs quite confidently round the busy house
And takes no harm;
The chicks that warm
Their new-born down
In basket round
Beside the kitchen fire
To dry, and puff
Themselves to rolls of yellow fluff;
And in the steady oven
Round loaves crisp slow to brown
And the cream on the big round pudding
Is blown to a gold balloon.

A rich round plum cake
Splits in a cheery grin
As he slides from the tin,
And the round fat ham
Is juicy, and deeply scored;
The wooden pin
Rolls up and back again
On the round floury board.

The butter-pats are round, the bowls and pails,
Round copper pans hang shining on their nails,
Round apples fall from the low-laden bough,
Round piglets pull and push on the grunting

sow,
Old Polly's brushed rump is round as a polished
ball

In the comforting dusk of the stall.

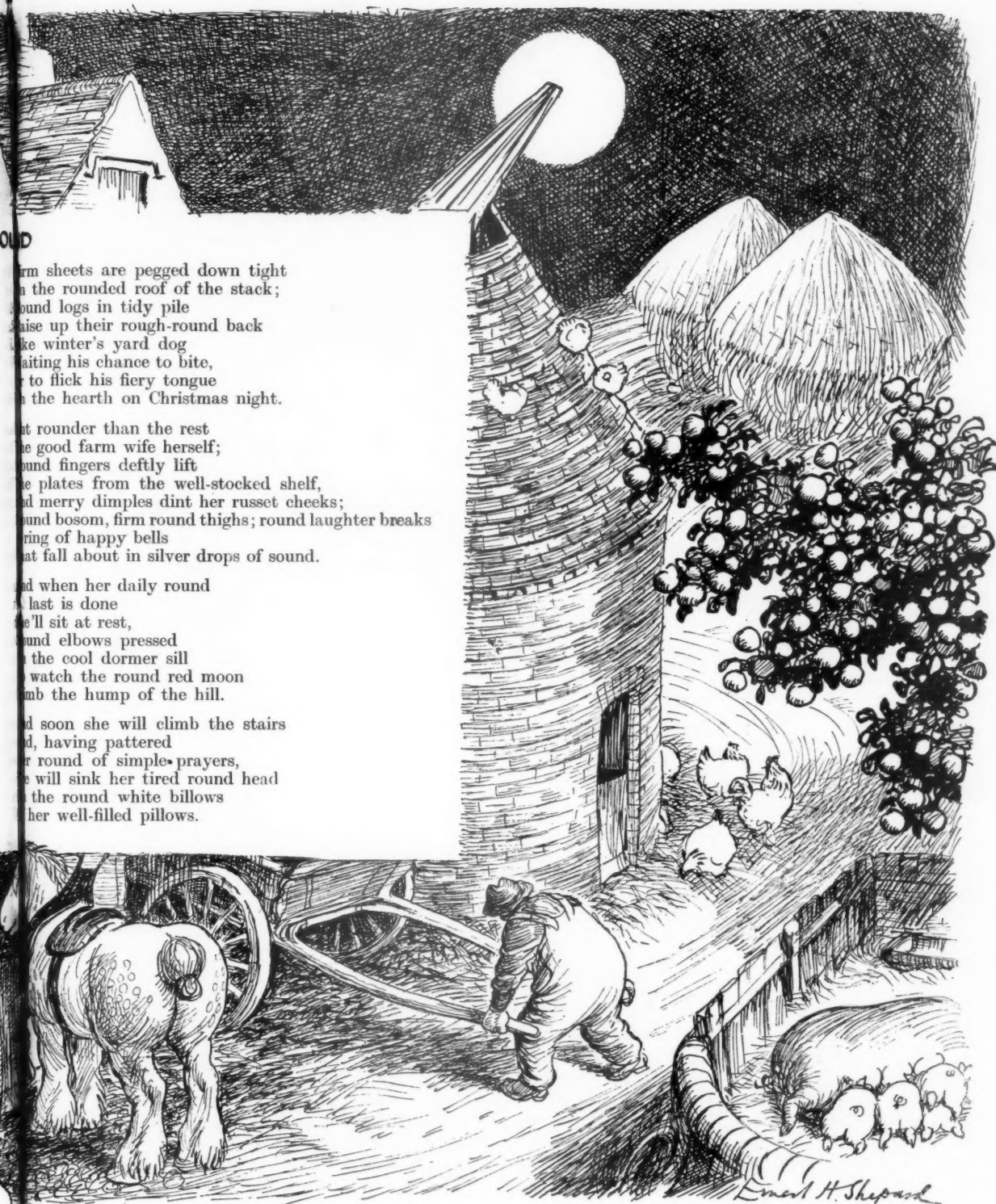
OLD

firm sheets are pegged down tight
on the rounded roof of the stack;
round logs in tidy pile
raise up their rough-round back
like winter's yard dog
awaiting his chance to bite,
to flick his fiery tongue
on the hearth on Christmas night.

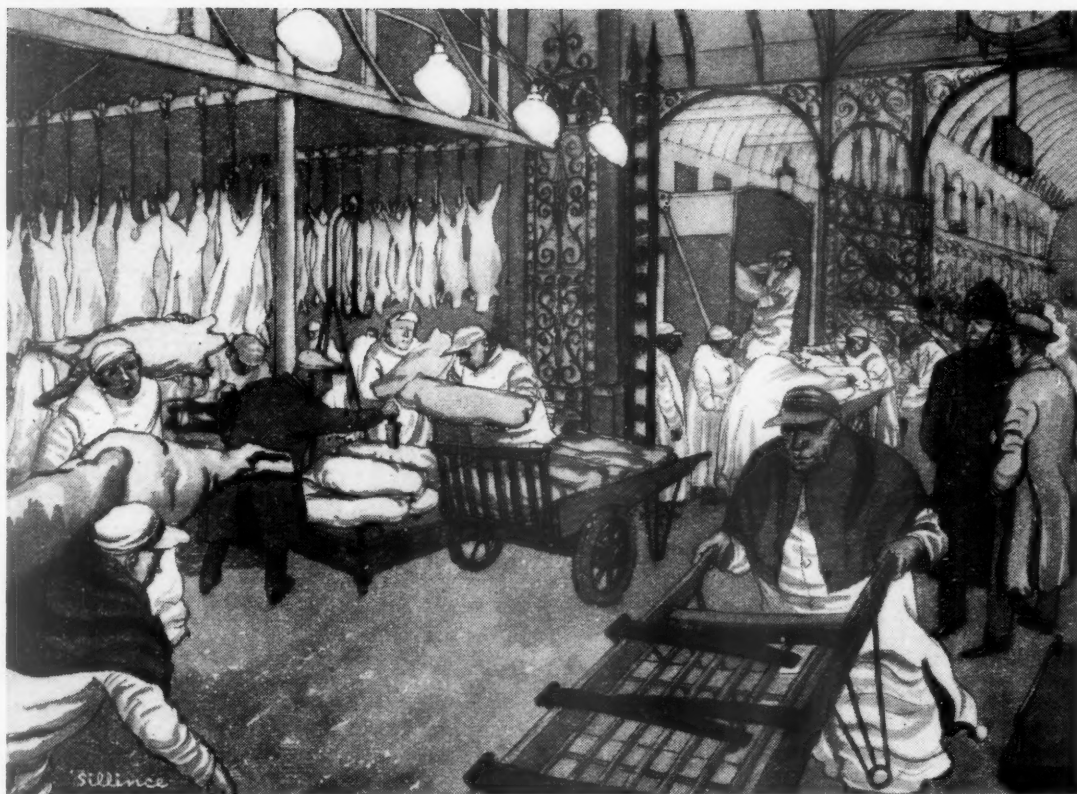
at rounder than the rest
the good farm wife herself;
round fingers deftly lift
the plates from the well-stocked shelf,
and merry dimples dint her russet cheeks;
round bosom, firm round thighs; round laughter breaks
a ring of happy bells
that fall about in silver drops of sound.

and when her daily round
at last is done
she'll sit at rest,
round elbows pressed
on the cool dormer sill
to watch the round red moon
climb the hump of the hill.

and soon she will climb the stairs
and, having pattered
her round of simple prayers,
she will sink her tired round head
on the round white billows
of her well-filled pillows.



Ernest H. Shepard



MEAT IN DUE SEASON

Smithfield Market

DIG'S trotters and black puddings (those dark crescents of dried blood and barley which may leave the palate untickled but serve obligingly as a loop for a capital "P") look a bit lost in the poultry section of Smithfield's ten sawdust-strewn acres, but then so do cases of beaver, slabs of near-petrified whale-meat which bark the knuckles of the inquisitive when struck, and a whole pantomime armoury of sausages. At Smithfield, as elsewhere, the poulterer has to sell what he can get, and, to his profound disgust, it isn't always poultry.

Mr. Punch's Provisions Correspondent, mindful of the date on which these findings were to be made public, had a fancy to see the poultry section first, and Mr. Punch's Artist sympathetically addressed himself to a prolonged

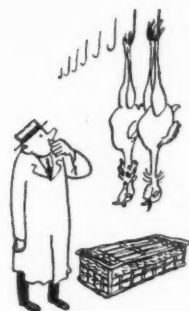
turkey-hunt* in the course of which an aged, aged man in a fine-grain cream straw hat spoke with feeling of the poulterer's lot, then and now, leaning on a barrel labelled "300 Bundles of Short Hog Casings" (sausage-skins: bountiful Nature, to provide such convenient by-products!) and beginning every sentence with the poignant words, "O' course, before the war . . ." Before the war he would as soon have conducted his business hatless as put a price on a beaver or lend himself to the traffic in trotters. "And there's another thing," said he—"Trotters! Where's the pigs what goes wiv 'em, eh? Black market, that's where!" An attempt to console him by admiring

a nearby tumulus of pheasants had indifferent success. "Oh, ah," he said grudgingly, "there's a few shoots o' them, but at to-day's price, where are you, eh?" And he turned a couple of hares over with his boot, as if their fixed scrutiny was something personal.

However, despite its degrading sidelines, the poultry section retains some freedom of action: supplies are at least unrationed, and the day's work is still enlivened by the visit of a private buyer. But meat, with which two-thirds of Smithfield is concerned, is virtually nationalized. The Minister of Food is the only customer, and his grip is as icy and unyielding as the corpse of a New Zealand sheep (chopped in half and telescoped neatly to save shipping space). Though the names of the Market's four hundred tenants



* His "bag" numbered only two, but there is no cause for alarm: we had to shop rather early for this survey.



Smithfield are the Government's men, a minor army of Civil Servants.

At the Ministry's Colwyn Bay fastness another army campaigns tirelessly with pen, ink and abacus against that lurking foe, Failure-To-Meet-The-Ration. The pattern of this statistical battle resolves itself each week into the old formula: Ration Commitments *minus* Available Home-killed *equals* Requirements from Cold Storage; and Smithfield, notified of the last figure in the equation, indents on the Meat Importers' National Defence Association Limited (known from long intimacy as MINDAL) for the rigid, muslin-garbed carcasses from Australia or America, Canada or the Argentine (Peron permitting) needed to make up eight million Londoners' Sunday dinners.

The tendency of our week-end joint to taste of nothing much but old snow is explained by its long sojourn under refrigeration. Mr. Strachey has discouraged a Parliamentary questioner from any hope that frozen meat will give way to merely chilled. This is sad news, because though the savour of chilled meat only slumbers that of frozen dies. There is an explanation, too, of those novel problems in anatomy which confront the carver to-day: meat no longer leaves Smithfield in a pleasantly heterogeneous procession of best ends, rumps, loins, topsides, H-bones, thick flanks and saddles, but marches off to the butcher in whole carcasses—and every sinewy titbit has to go into somebody's ration. In the old days if a best end was cut "long" and embodied a bit of undesirable scrag our wives would have slapped it back indignantly on the delivery dish; now the poor dears snatch it

are still bravely displayed over the two miles of shop-fronts, the letters really spell only Nostalgia; the men who work at Smithfield are the Government's men, a minor army of Civil Servants. At the Ministry's Colwyn Bay fastness another army campaigns tirelessly with pen, ink and abacus against that lurking foe, Failure-To-Meet-The-Ration. The pattern of this statistical battle resolves itself each week into the old formula: Ration Commitments *minus* Available Home-killed *equals* Requirements from Cold Storage; and Smithfield, notified of the last figure in the equation, indents on the Meat Importers' National Defence Association Limited (known from long intimacy as MINDAL) for the rigid, muslin-garbed carcasses from Australia or America, Canada or the Argentine (Peron permitting) needed to make up eight million Londoners' Sunday dinners.

The costume of most of these men of meat remains, however, hygienically surgical in appearance—ankle-length nightshirts and close white caps with a faint baseball affinity; to-day, bloodstains rarely sully these garments; in Smithfield's new ice-age all blood has frozen in



its veins, except in the offal depot; there, beside a noticeably gory slab, flanked by wire crates of hearts, livers and kidneys prodigally spilling their goodness into the sawdust, Mr. P.'s P.C. ruthlessly interrogated the manager concerning these off-the-ration dainties, but the examination only produced a staunch tribute to the incorruptible impartiality of offal distribution, and after a few polite exchanges on the tiresome unwieldiness of a bullock's pluck the inquisition moved off to a scene of longer-established mystery—a sausage-works.

The joy long derived by Mr. P.'s P.C. from the abstract idea of a sausage-machine has always been marred by the suspicion that there is really no such thing. But (hooray!) there is. In fact, several. One of them operates on the cement-mixer principle, yielding up with periodic

grunts a meat-ball the size of a cushion; a second engulfs the cushion and re-issues it in an endless rope of naked meat, which is decently clothed by a third in the wondrous natural raiment earlier referred to, the finished article being spouted forth in a writhing tableful of nightmare spaghetti to be twirled and knotted ready for the frying-pan. Science, it seems, has been unable to achieve a twirling and knotting machine, and this process was in the deft white hands of a party of young ladies; they sang at their work, a murmurous dirge or sausage-shanty, and it would be delightful to report the tune as "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," but your Correspondent is bound to truth by his journalist's oath, and must set it down as being unidentifiable but hauntingly beautiful none the less.

It is to be supposed that man-handling meat is not the sort of work one can get deeply enthusiastic about, and it is understandable, perhaps, that it is only among the older generation at Smithfield that the Christmas rush is awaited with sentimental eagerness nowadays. For them these are unnatural, unsatisfactory times. Rails bright with vacant hooks may mean short hours, and areas of floor where the sawdust shows no footprint may mean light work—but it is not the Smithfield they have grown up in. This week it will be different: for one glorious, crowded week the hooks will fill and empty, the sawdust will fly, the turkeys will go sailing into the vans on their long, last predestined journeys. And the old-timers, including the aged, aged poulterer in the fine-grain cream straw hat, will perhaps be able to forget that at Smithfield, as elsewhere, Christmas comes but once a year.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





"I want a train, a cowboy outfit, and a book-on beard like yours."

THE TRUTH ABOUT POE

AT this time of the year I usually leave Dickens to others and try instead to say something novel about Edgar Allan Poe. This year, which chances to be a centenary year for Poe, I shall try harder than ever. My ambition is brought nearer fulfilment, it so happens, by an article which appeared recently in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Dealing with "The Strange Death of Edgar Allan Poe," Mr. Philip Van Doren Stern writes: "The identification of the mysterious Reynolds, for whom the dying Poe kept calling, has always puzzled Poe's biographers. James A.

Harrison, in his *Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe*, published in 1902, first brought forth the ingenious theory that it may have been J. N. Reynolds, an authority on South Sea exploration whose knowledge of the Pacific area was used as a source for the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* which Poe had written thirteen years before . . ."

Wisely, in my view, Mr. Van Doren Stern submits that this theory is untenable. He feels, as I do, that Poe's interest in South Sea exploration was by now definitely on the wane.

Then who was Reynolds? "The

probable truth," says Mr. Van Doren Stern, "lies much nearer home. The names of the election judges at Ryan's Fourth Ward Polls that day were Richard Lilly, E. G. Storr and —Henry R. Reynolds! It may have been to this Reynolds, who must have been a person of some standing to qualify as an election judge, that Poe made his last appeal for help."

I cannot agree. There is no shred of evidence that Poe either knew, or knew of, this election judge. And I doubt whether the poet cared which electoral district he happened to be in. His bump of

locality was certainly very highly developed, but he knew how to keep it within bounds. No, sir, it won't do. If we really must pry into the identity of the man Reynolds I vastly prefer my own guesses, which are based, as they should be, on the detective methods of the master himself.

1. Reynolds may have been the Horace Winterton Reynolds who lived in Stoke Newington while Poe was at school there. Little is known of Reynolds except that he lived alone in a disused charnel-house on the outskirts of the town, and that he had a tell-tale heart, but it is not beyond the bounds of possibility, I suggest, that he and young Poe were acquainted.

2. Reynolds may have been a certain Winthrop Reynolds, campanologist of Boston, Massachusetts, where Poe was born. It is known that the poet consulted several authorities while he was at work on *The Bells*, and this Reynolds may easily have been one of them.

3. The word "Reynolds" may have been a message in code. We know from *The Gold-Bug* that Poe was strangely susceptible to codes, and he may well have had one running through his head even at the last. According to *The Gold-Bug* formula "Reynolds" becomes:

(8 y * ‡ L + S

—which doesn't help much.

4. It is not always fully appreciated, especially by his detractors, that Poe was for a time editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. As such, I am tempted to believe, he may sometimes have had occasion to send the office boy out for this and that when engaged on a leading article or some such trifle. Sometimes I think the boy's name must have been Reynolds. It would explain everything.

5. The search widens beyond my ken if we admit the possibility that "Reynolds" might have been "Rennells," "Randles" or "Runnells." After all, Poe didn't commit the name to paper; so who's to say?

I rest my case.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

ON THE FEAST OF STEPHEN

SURELY Good King Wenceslas could have saved a lot of trouble with a little foresight had he not been a saint and therefore doubtless visionary and impractical. I have with some temerity redrafted the carol to see how it would have worked out, and find that it could to all intents and purposes end half-way through the third verse. However, since the captious can—and do—raise certain objections, I have carried it on to its usual length in an attempt to meet all criticisms, and offer it, with due hesitation, for use by the Marthas of this world. Verses 1 and 2, it will be seen, are traditional:

*Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night
Tho' the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel.*

*"Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou knowst it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he,
Where and what his dwelling?"*

*"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By St. Agnes' Fountain."*

Thereafter it runs:

*"Bring me wine and bring me meat,
Pine-logs from our castle;
You run out and bid him wait
While I make a parcel.
Lest he lack the double share
You and I could carry,
Let him eat while waiting there—
Hasten, child, don't tarry!"*

*"Sire, he says you're very kind,
But he wonders whether
He must leave those sticks behind
He has got together."
"Having pine-logs, I should say,
He could leave his fuel—
Fetch it hence another day
When the cold's less cruel."*

*Gifts were soon assembled all,
King and page combining,
Taken to the servants' hall
Where the man was dining.
Then the peasant, warmed and fed,
Thanks and blessings voicing,
Through the forest homeward sped,
Singing and rejoicing.*





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, December 12th

Whimsy—that's what it was. The House of Commons assembled to-day clearly determined to remind itself

House of Commons: Christmas Spirit that Christmas was not far away and that the recess was due to begin at the end of the week. And, that being so, it had the breaking-up spirit strongly upon it.

So nobody was in the least surprised when Mr. WALTER FLETCHER, who, suitably made up, would make a particularly jovial clown, and Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, whose somewhat lugubrious humour provides an excellent "feed" for other comedians, produced a turn of their own.

The fact that they had in the team Mr. VAL McENTEE, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee (doubtless with Major SIDWELL, the General Manager of the Refreshment Department, vetting his script for him), caused the House to sit forward eagerly. And they were not disappointed—even if the casual on-looker, unused to the intense and detailed interest Members take in their own domestic affairs, *might* have been a trifle surprised at the mounting risibility. However, as one legislator, wiping his eyes, said to your scribe, a little laughter never hurt anyone.

The subject was sausages and herrings, both of them exceedingly laughable items.

Mr. FLETCHER entered with a herring—only a written one of course—and inquired with indignation why, when *grilled* herrings appeared on the menu, *steamed* or *steamed* ones were actually served. Mr. McENTEE rose in his majesty and issued a complete official denial, backing it with statistics. An average of one hundred and fifty *grilled* herrings (stern emphasis on the word "grilled") were sold daily, and complaints were rare. Mrs. MANNING, nipping in smartly behind Mr. McE., wanted to know why the

Kitchen Committee took the roes out of the herrings, selling them separately as savouries and thus getting double money.

Mr. McE. asked for notice of that conundrum.

All this time Sir W. had been sitting eagerly on the edge of his seat ready to put *his* one: Why charge 5d. for a small sausage?

This time the official statement was backed with a wealth—nay, a tornado—of statistics that left the House gasping and mopping its eyes. But it all boiled down to the fact that whereas the *gross* profit on a sausage was two-and-one-third



Impressions of Parliamentarians

101. Mr. W. Fletcher (Bury)

pence the *net* profit was only one penny.

This was all good, harmless fun, but the House was in very different (if no less seasonable) mood when it went on to talk about possible further plans for the prevention of cruelty to children in their own homes. Women Members were prominent in this moving little debate, although, appropriately enough, Lord WINTERTON, "Father" of the House, showed once more how tender a heart is concealed by an exterior he tries very hard to make fierce and uncompromising.

Speakers—they included Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, Mrs. GOULD and Mrs. WALLHEAD NICHOL—all paid tribute to the magnificent work of the N.S.P.C.C., and stressed the difficulty of providing adequate safeguards.

To this Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, agreed, adding, however, that he would judge for himself about the setting up of the committee.

Tuesday, December 13th

Mr. GEORGE ISAACS had once more the thankless task of announcing to the House of Commons yet another unofficial strike, this time in the electricity generating stations. He had already made arrangements for the service to be carried on by Royal Navy and Army men, but he said that some load-shedding might still be necessary. And he reminded the strikers that they were being disloyal to their trade unions as well as to the country at large in acting as they had.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN said it was a grave situation, and, nodding in unhappy agreement, the Minister left it there—for the moment.

The debates included an extremely complicated one, into the plot of which those two well-known villains civil aviation and the groundnut scheme entered. The critics seemed to appreciate the fortunate circumstance which enabled them to hiss both at once—it was a story of air-passages for groundnut officials which, somehow or other, nationalized air-services had snatched from private enterprise. This was described by the critics as a "sordid deal." But the Minister said it was all very normal and commercial, and, grumbling, the critics had to leave it at that.

Noble Lords were dealing with (and that is the phrase, in the most schoolmasterly sense) a proposal to move King Richard Cœur de Lion from his challenging stand outside the very door of their Lordships' House to some place in Parliament Square. When they learned from Lord MORRISON that the King was to be replaced by the Burghers of



"Typical of government planning! With all Athens to choose from they have to stick their confounded Parthenon on the tallest hill for miles."

Calais (at present resident in Victoria Tower Gardens, London, S.W.1) the noble indignation knew no bounds, especially as even a bomb, dropped within a few yards of The Lion-Hearted in 1940, had only bent his sword.

Wednesday, December 14th

Every day Parliament sits Mr. Speaker walks in formal procession to the Commons Debating Chamber, preceded by a long-drawn cry of "Speak-er!"

It has been so for generations, but to-day's procession was a little different.

The long cry came from the distance as usual. Police-Inspector RIDGWELL commanded "Hats off, Strangers," as usual. The small, stately procession came into view, and as it passed the stern-looking bust of Oliver Cromwell Mr. Speaker checked, then halted. He crossed to a flag-draped stand, announced that it held a Book of Remembrance for M.P.s, their

children and servants of the House of Commons who had given their lives in the war.

A moment of silence, and then, very softly, Mr. Speaker recited, "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old . . . We will remember them."

Without another word Mr. Speaker stepped back into his place, the procession was re-formed and the bustling life of Parliament went on once more. It was a ceremony moving in its very simplicity, its lack of pomp.

That seemingly endless serial-story about groundnuts was the subject of their Lordships' debate, and Lord SWINTON led a severe attack on the Government for its handling (or, as he preferred to say, mishandling) of the scheme. He made the Food Minister's sudden flight last week-end to the groundnut area sound most sinister, and other Opposition speakers were just as forthright in supporting his strong demand for a thorough official investigation of the whole costly scheme.

LORD HALL, for the Government, maintained that there was no call for an inquiry and that, given time, everything would be for the best.

The Commons talked about films, but the debate was as dull as the dullest of them.

Thursday, December 15th

Two debates with a very high propaganda-content followed: one on nutrition (which the Government said was very good in

Britain at present) and the other on the accounting of (and for) political Party funds (which the Government said was very bad so far as the Opposition was concerned, and the Opposition said was very bad so far as the Government was concerned). A modicum of excitement was aroused by the debates, but Members knew that, come to-morrow, they would be adjourning until next year—until January 24th, to be precise. And, all things considered, the Christmas spirit lasted out admirably.

In the Lobby:
A Moving Ceremony
House of Lords:
Groundnuts (contd.)

House of Commons:
Nutrition—and
Party Funds



CAROLS

*His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple shepherds keeping watch
by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a
quire
Of squadroned Angels hear his carol
sung . . .*

Thus the heavenly choristers sang the first Christmas carol.

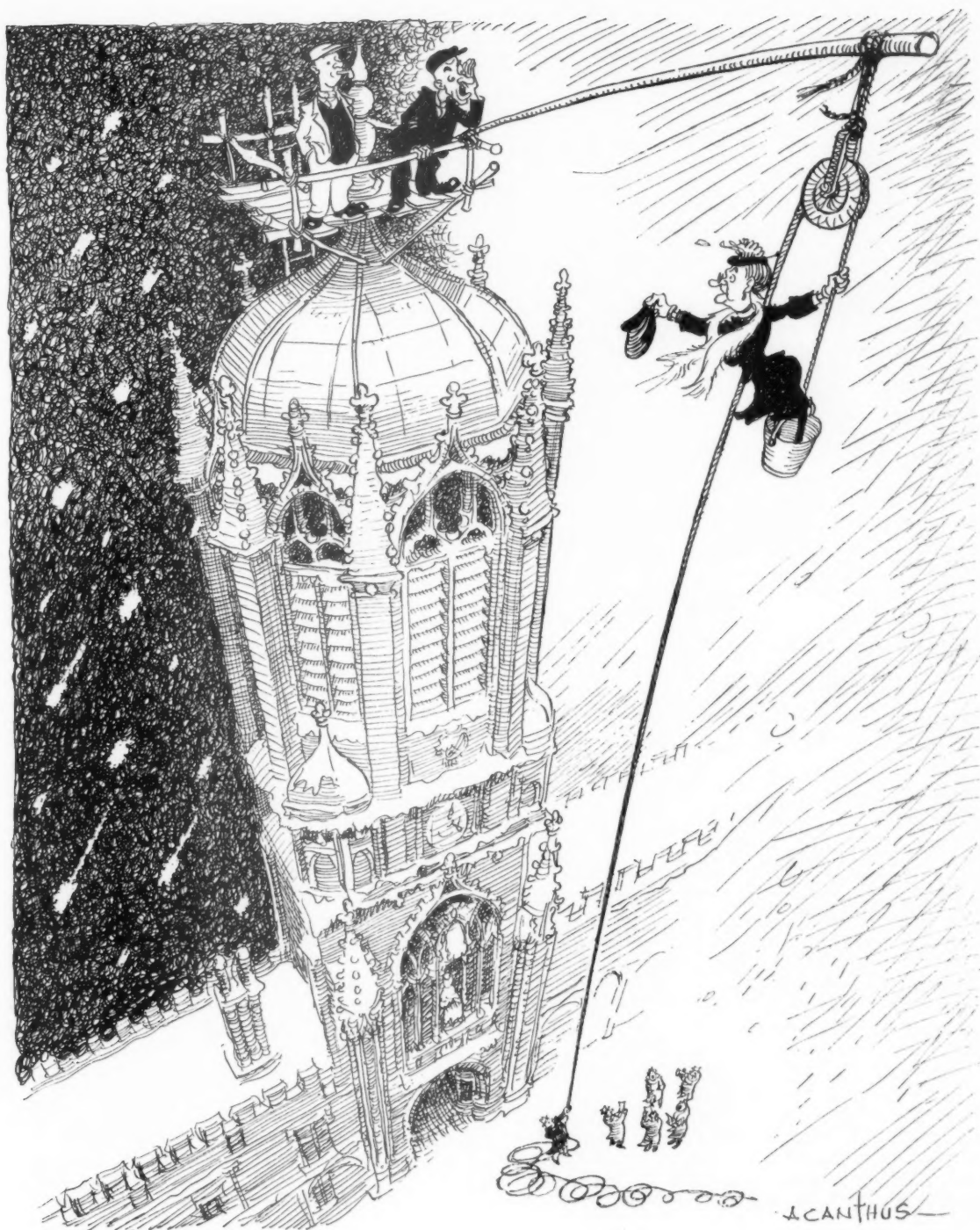
This year evenings have been notably quiet, owing no doubt to the example set by the Chief Constable of Norwich who has been reading Section 4 of the Children and Young Persons Act (1933) which spells woe to youth that would go a-wassailing. Carol-singers have always been a thorn in the flesh of authority, and the carols they sing are but pleasing fruits of the unregeneracy of human nature. As long ago as the eighth century the Venerable Bede said ruefully that it was easier to break idol fanes in England than it was to abolish customs which old usage had sanctified even if Mother Church had not. Decrees and proscriptions failed utterly to stop the pagan Englishman (or Frenchman or German) from indulging in outbursts of unholy merriment at the festival of the Winter Solstice or to rid him of his predilection for dancing in the churchyard and even in the church itself, singing the while songs far

from suitable to such surroundings. So the Church taught him songs to sing to his own dance tunes, telling of the Shepherds, the Angels, of Mary, Joseph and the Babe. By the time that Wynkyn de Worde printed his collection of carols in 1521 they had almost forgotten that carols were made for dancing; and nowadays, so staid are we become, we even sing carols in church without so much as a thought of breaking into a jig. But still there is something about the very word "carol" that will fill churches that are otherwise, alas, half empty. Is it deep-down memories of our unregenerate past? Whatever it is, it will fill St. Paul's on a dark winter's night with a crowd that overflows every seat and jams the side-aisles. Some will come so weary after the day's work that they fall asleep seated on the floor propped against a pillar, while the golden arches and the soaring dome echo four hundred voices singing "The Holly and the Ivy," "King Jesus hath a Garden" and Richard Dering's motet "Quem Vidistis, Pastores." How much we should have liked to know Dering's joyous shepherds with their rollicking alleluias!

Not only will carols fill St. Paul's to overflowing, they will fill the Albert Hall twice in a day; and

the Bach Choir and Dr. Reginald Jacques can between them inspire a huge audience to sing unfamiliar carols and, moreover, to sing the right notes. And what a rich harvest there is of carols lying just off the beaten track—the "Yorkshire Was-sail Song," "Past three o'clock on a cold, frosty Morning," and "Ding, dong merrily on high." The Albert Hall audience, not to be outdone by the imposing magpie-hued ranks of the Bach Choir, nearly sang their heads off. Your scribe had barely recovered enough voice the next day to join in singing "God rest you Merry, Gentlemen" with the Thomas Coram school choir in their handsome modern Georgian chapel high up in the Chilterns, whither they have moved from the old Foundling Hospital, taking the Handel organ with them. Theirs is carol-singing joyous to hear. They outdid even the Bach Choir in "Ding, dong merrily on high," and after the service we walked down the hill again through a starry winter dusk, beneath trees whose bare branches were lacy-black against the clear sky, with the sound in our ears of a young voice, like a golden bell, singing "He shall feed his flock"—the most beautiful sound we have heard this Christmastide. D. C. B.





"Wot carols?"



"He doesn't know any tricks. He just sits there all day filling up football coupons."

THE CAUSE

"THE prizes," said Sympton enthusiastically, "are magnificent, and the tickets are only a shilling each. They will sell like hot cakes, and you will have no difficulty in disposing of half a dozen books. There are ten tickets in each book, so if you give me a cheque for three pounds we shall be square."

The cause was a good one, so I gave him the cheque, intending to recoup myself by selling the tickets, like hot cakes, to my friends. Our local Constitutional Club, I thought, would be a good place to start.

Johnson-Clitheroe was at the bar, so I stood him half a pint of best bitter to mellow him, and then asked him how many tickets he would take.

"I'll take six," he said, "as it is for such a good cause."

I filled in his name on the counterfoils and handed over the tickets, and he said that he knew I liked a gamble and so we would toss who paid the six shillings. Before I could protest he had tossed, said it was tails and that he knew I always called heads, and passed out into the night.

"Rather a dirty trick, that," said Brigadier Hogg, "to play on a man like yourself trying to raise a bit of money for such a splendid cause."

My heart warmed to the Brigadier and I stood him half a pint and then pulled out my book again and asked how many tickets he would buy.

"I'll take a dozen," he said. I filled in his name on the counterfoils and handed over the tickets, but instead of giving me the money he drew a book of tickets, of a different colour, from his own pocket.

"Of course you'll take a dozen of mine," he said, filling in the counterfoils. I could hardly refuse, and when he had handed over the tickets he said that I owed him eighteen shillings as his were half-crown tickets.

The next three men I mellowed with half-pints told me that they thought gambling sinful, and a fourth said that the draw was no good to him because the first prize was a television set and he already had one.

I decided that selling tickets was beyond my means, so I held on to the rest of them, hoping to win a prize. The draw took place in the saloon lounge of the King's Arms, and I won a bottle of whisky.

"It is the custom," whispered Sympton, "for the fellow who wins the whisky to give it back to be auctioned."

Bidding started before I could lodge a protest, and when I eventually managed to make my voice heard Sympton pretended to think I was putting in a bid and knocked the whisky down to me for six pounds. So I wrote out a cheque, trying to reckon up what the bottle had cost me altogether. Three pounds for the tickets, four-and-six for bitter, eighteen shillings for Brigadier Hogg's tickets and six pounds at the auction. At ten pounds two shillings and sixpence I felt that it would be the dearest bottle of whisky I had ever drunk.

On the way home I met Brigadier Hogg and told him that the net result of my efforts for the Cause had been to get one bottle of whisky for ten pounds two and six.

"Thirteen bottles of whisky," he corrected me. "You've got the first prize, a case of whisky, in my half-crown draw. Thirteen bottles at just over fifteen bob a time is almost pre-war." D. H. BARBER

§ §

FOR YOUTH

King George's Jubilee Trust, founded as a national thank-offering for King George V's Jubilee in 1935, exists to ensure that "the young throughout the country may be helped in body, mind and character to become useful citizens."

Working through the voluntary youth organizations, the Trust aims to spend about £80,000 a year, mostly on special projects in which the emphasis is on the training of leaders.

Mr. Punch warmly commends this splendid work to his readers. Cheques should be made out to "King George's Jubilee Trust," and sent to The Secretary, King George's Jubilee Trust, 166 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

BOOKING OFFICE

Brief Encounters

WHEN he died in 1936 Maxim Gorki was restored to the prickly bosom of the Soviet, but the evidence in *Unrequited Love* shows that, however much he approved in principle of the Russian revolution, he continued to see the details of social upheaval as sordid and disgusting, and the masses sucked into it as frightened sheep. In "The Story of a Hero" there is a terrible picture of tattered workmen marching in the 1906 revolt, goaded on by firebrands who chivvied their flanks like dogs. Gorki saw humanity undistorted, and was too big an artist to be content with squinting at it down any party line. The fog of politics is surprisingly absent. As Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones points out in his essay prefacing this edition, "The Story of a Hero" is a curiosity in revolutionary literature because the moral of its bitter study of a youth seeking power—a youth who, had he got what he wanted, "would have washed and ironed out people like handkerchiefs"—can be applied equally to either side.

These stories, translated for the first time into English by Baroness Moura Budberg, are a kind of delayed dividend from the old Russia, acutely described without flattery and with blunt, grim power. Four of them mirror the Russia of the ordinary man, baffled by the secret of happy living. Gorki knew him well, and out of these pages come some formidable persons, formidably drawn; but behind their struggles is a persistent longing for tolerance summed up by the thwarted young man in "A Sky-Blue Life" who felt "paralysed by grey and dreary thoughts of people always strangely getting in each other's way." The fifth, "The Story of a Novel," is in a much more delicate vein, recording the curious adventure of a woman in the country who gets mixed up with the plot of a writer and is visited by one of his characters. It is light and charming.

From Russian stories to Irish is no great jump, for both races have a heroic disregard for time and are easily in touch with the unseen. Of all those who take the supernatural as a matter of course the Irish have best succeeded in getting to terms with the fairy world, on a robust note that rejects whimsy. (What the English, if I dare say so, will never understand in the Irish nature is the queer streak of granite realism beneath the blarney that makes this possible.) If you have forgotten how refreshing that can be, read the Irish stories in Lord Dunsany's *The Man Who Ate the Phoenix*. Listen to the man's parting words to a banshee he has persuaded to strike terror into an obstinate landlord: "'then if you'll do that,' I said, 'and give a hoot as you go, the same as you promised, there's nothing more I'll be asking you, for I know it is not for us to be troubling immortal powers with talk about two-acre fields in a marshy spot, that aren't worth bothering about even among mortal men, that are here for so short a while, let alone the spirits that speak with the stars and that make a coach-and-four of the great winds.'" From where could that come, with its

richness and music, its deliberate and blessed avoidance of the purpler mists at the rainbow's end, but Ireland? The fifty or so stories in this collection—most of them very short—are extremely diverse in theme and treatment and full of imagination, though sometimes the frame for the fancy is thin. Lord Dunsany can be very funny, and nothing here is more delightful than the by-pass that had to be built round the old lady's roses. He can make our flesh creep, and he can also pull out a sudden flashing stroke of unexpected drama, as in "Old Emma," where a man, dreaming of heaven, is overcome by the splendour of an archangel and then hears it say, in the voice of his father's housemaid: "Why, Master Tom, you always was a one to be watching soldiers."

And while we are trafficking in short pieces I can recommend, having once subdued my sense of outrage at his queer assertion that Oxford has always been more romantic in spirit than Cambridge, Mr. Derek Patmore's fruitful experiment of selecting from the work of the current generation of Oxford undergraduates. The influence of the war can be traced not only in much of the subject-matter but also in a tendency towards the violent and ugly. Humour is present but, so far as I can see, no natural humorist. Several of these young men, notably I think Hugo Charteris and Desmond Stewart, already show remarkable maturity, and a number of them are able enough to make one feel they will go on improving. It would hardly be fair to complain that a good deal of the writing is derivative—only one, thank heaven, has caught from D. H. Lawrence at his woolliest the habit of treating sex as if it were a revivalist meeting—nor, in fact, is originality wholly lacking.

ERIC KEOWN



The Victorian Mind

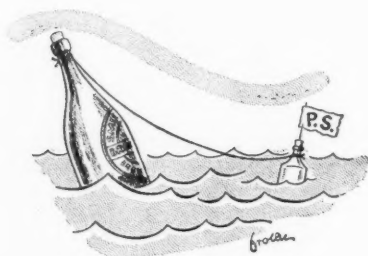
As in the nineteenth century, so to-day, most of us owe some sort of political allegiance to Coleridge or Bentham. They were, for J. S. Mill, the "seminal minds" of his era; and if Bentham, and what Carlyle called his Pig Philosophy, are uppermost now, it may be Coleridge's turn next. For Coleridge refused to construe the universe as "an immense heap of little things." His interpretation entailed "something great, something one and indivisible." The fervour of his italics underlies his successors' attitude towards religion and ethics and renders Professor Basil Willey's admirable *Nineteenth Century Studies* of extraordinary interest to ourselves. As he suggests, the displaced persons of our own unpleasant century tend to recognize the justice and courage of their forbears' war on materialism; though they regret, perhaps, that—Newman apart—the Victorians were so vague about the supernatural temper of their weapons. George Eliot, it appears, could see even "pity and fairness" as "products of a goodness entirely human."

H. P. E.

Kafka

In the Penal Settlement completes the English translation of Kafka's fiction with a collection of his short tales and sketches, most of which are more interesting for the light they throw on their author than for their own merits. Only the title story and "The Transformation" are as successful on the narrative as on the metaphysical plane, though two of the tales in "A Hunger Artist" have an attractive folk humour. Kafka was so much bigger than the fragments of him which, against his wish, survive that one is prepared to read him uncritically; one is grateful for the occasional gleams, and willing not to apply the ordinary tests of fiction. Read after "The Castle" and "The Trial" this volume is valuable, although it might well confuse and deter anyone who met Kafka through it for the first time. His thought proliferated rather than developed, and he never reduced it to a system: he was a seer, not a philosopher.

R. G. G. P.



Dramatic Detection

Dr. Leslie Hotson is the very Holmes of literary detectives. If in his latest volume there is nothing quite so sensational as his Marlowe discoveries, his title-piece, *Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated*, is perhaps of even greater moment. By the ingenious interpretation in terms of contemporary history of three hitherto obscure allusions he has demonstrated, very convincingly, that the sonnets must have been written several years earlier than has commonly been supposed. One significance of this is that it necessitates an entirely new approach to the question of the identity of Mr. W. H., a matter on which Dr. Hotson promises future enlargement. Meanwhile, among other things, he has given mine host of The Mermaid a body and a name and established his relations with the Bard. It is difficult to know which most to admire, his industry or the gusto and insight with which he displays its fruits.

F. B.

American Life

It is obviously Mr. John P. Marquand's intention that his hero, Charles Gray, should typify millions of other fairly successful Americans, for in *Point of No Return* Charles Gray is shown first at the old-fashioned bank he works for on Fifth Avenue and secondly in his private world. After the first chapter, which describes these two spheres—and having been warned by the publisher's blurb that the author is "one of America's most significant social critics"—the reader may reasonably expect a satire or some painful revelation. Almost every page hints at some hidden unhappiness, some essential *malaise* about to be exposed, but in the middle *Point of No Return* becomes a happy family saga, with Charles Gray's past sandwiched between his present and his future. It could have been a tragic and significant story of a man's struggle against his environment; as Mr. Marquand has written it, lightly, entertainingly, with a number of philosophic clichés, *Point of No Return* remains a readable success story, skilfully handled and sympathetically told.

R. K.

Books Reviewed Above

Unrequited Love. Maxim Gorki; translated by Baroness Moura Budberg. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 10/6).

The Man Who Ate the Phoenix. Lord Dunsany. (Jarrolds, 9/6).

Oxford Short Stories. Edited by Derek Patmore. (Falcon Press, 12/6).

Nineteenth Century Studies: Coleridge to Matthew Arnold. Basil Willey. (Chatto and Windus, 15/-).

In the Penal Settlement. Franz Kafka; translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. (Secker and Warburg, 9/6).

Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated and Other Essays. Leslie Hotson. (Hart-Davis, 21/-).

Point of No Return. John P. Marquand. (Robert Hale, 10/6).

Other Recommended Books

A Concise Economic History of Britain to 1750. Sir John Clapham. (C.U.P., 12/6) Posthumously edited introduction to the subject by one of the greatest of recent historians. Learned and readable.

Prairie Avenue. Arthur Meeker. (Michael Joseph, 10/6) Skilful, and unusually concise, study of fashionable Chicago family from 1885 to 1918. Individualized characters in vividly and intelligently described setting. A "popular" novel that is not beneath the attention of serious students of American history.

THE RYOTOUS HOUND

YOU may say (insisted the huntsman) what you will, now. But between Welsh hounds and English hounds there is no sort of comparison. The Welsh pack is for hunting as hunting should be; and the English for hunting as hunting is in England. You may have your show-bench stuff, if want it you do, with its legs too long for its nose to get down to the scent, and nice enough for taking a trot over the smooth meadows, and quiet with its voice that will not speak after the fox till they have been properly introduced. But give me the bandy Welsh hound that takes cwm or daren as he goes, with his big head down to the ground; and that babbles and throws his tongue so that I can hear him one side of the mountain to the other. And there you have a hound that is a hound, for you; and one I want to work with me and one that is apter in his misjudgments than your English-bred in all his sciences.

Ryot, you say; run after ryot, after hare and on other uncommendable divagations? Let me tell you, the Welsh hound, if run ryot he will, shows more profit in his vagaries and more understanding of his proper courses than the English hound has in the regularity of his proprieties.

And give you example I can; and the moral too.

Daniel John Daniel, Pantysgallen, it was, that had the hound-pup on walk. A man misguided and a sparing, uncommunicable man who thought goose and duck and chicken and his sheep and his few black cattle a kind of kingdom to him, up in the mountains; and that fox should be shot as he would shoot polecat or other vermin, furred or feathered, that invaded it. But took the pup to him, did I, in a sack over my shoulder, being short of farmers to handle the matter and in hope to wheedle him to better understanding with some talk of prizes to be gained.

Never a word said Daniel John Daniel but that he hoped the prize might be worth it, and took the pup and complained that the feeding



"Late for rehearsal again, Muggeridge . . ."

would overeat the profit by half; and so we said good-day.

Pantysgallen is a distant farm, but I thought the pup with his sagacity would teach Daniel John Daniel more than Daniel could teach him. But yet I did not know how right I was.

For the pup grew and waxed, as you would say, mightily among the sheep-dogs that Daniel had, showing an interest that was proper in a fox-skin rug in the kitchen but otherwise learning no language and studying no science but that a dog for the flocks would know. Strange it was, said Daniel after, to see the hound-pup sitting with his ears cocked by

the side of a sheep-dog youngling tied to a stake, watching its mother work the ewes into a pen for its instruction. And, being intelligent and anxious for schooling, it seems the hound-pup profited by what he could get. Which was no improvident thing, learning of any kind being an inducement to versatility.

He was not shown with the other young entry as he should have been, some temper in Daniel making him refuse at the last moment, either from the sense of his own shortcomings or the desire to keep the dog for his own uses.

Once I passed that way with the pack; and the pup followed me. And

though it was against the heart, I whipped him away, for I cannot have the untrained disporting with whatever cubbing is under my hand. But I could see from his eyes that the hound reproached me and that there was the will in him to do what his blood was bred to do.

It was after that the judgment came upon Daniel.

The hound-pup left the farm early one morning, going with staid and industrious steps towards the hills. There is no doubt he had studied the matter and determined his determinations, so far as he could without better instructions.

A day and another day he was gone. And then as Daniel stood with his face towards the evening, came the baying of the pup below the hill. And the geese and the ducks and the chickens stood attentive as they do and the cob kicked in the stable. Then, with a patter of pads, the whole flock of them was in the farmyard: foxes, vixens, cubs, every size and every age, the red, the grey, the springing and the mangy, the scarred and the wholesome. Foxes that the hound-pup had encouraged from their coverts and exhorted from their earths and rounded up with patience and dexterity and brought like a flock of sheep to the pen-yard. Such was the result of mixing wrong instructions with right intuitions; and no worse with the pup than with politicians.

Riot, indeed, you say? It was Revelations and the Apocalypse. For the hound knew no better than to sit on his tail and look at Daniel with trust and confidence, while the foxes made play with the fowl in the yard and through the house; and Mrs. Daniel and the children on the roof, exclaiming for the fire brigade and whatever. And then there was nothing in the place but silence, and feathers everywhere. And Daniel looked at the hound and the hound looked at Daniel.

Many would have found it in their hearts to reproach the animal. But Daniel knew this was retribu-

tion for maladministration of the dog and misconception of hunting.

He was a reformed man from that day and sold his farm, and is whipper-in under me to prove the tale. And it shows that a Welsh hound can run ryot, but runs ryot right. For the idea was there, even if the execution was wanting in some particulars. And if there is exaggerations in the telling, they are such as prove the point and are excused by the morals of it. . . .

Another? Indeed and I will; and thank you. . . .

And do not drown it this time, Betsi fach. . . .

EXAMINEE RELAXES

NOW it is over; for at least a while
I put away the too familiar file
And these detested notebooks; I am free
To read and to forget—O ecstasy!

*Consumer's surplus, marginal demand,
The quasi rent of unproductive land,
Bimetallism and exchange of goods,
The Bank, the Bourse, the Bund and Bretton Woods.*

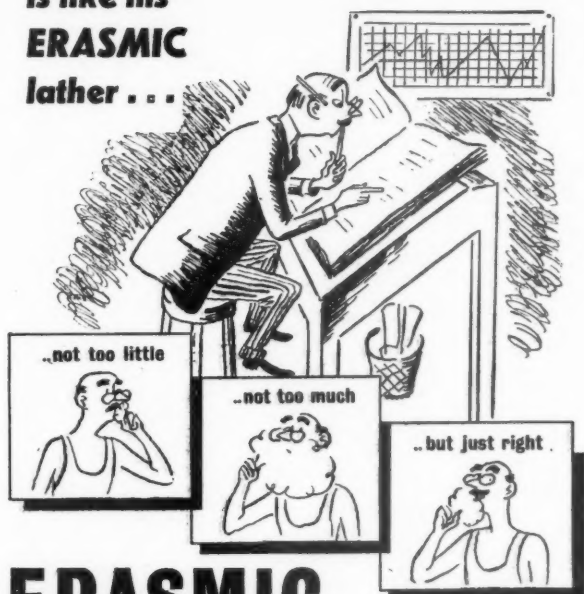
Those are but grains of sand upon the shore
Of my vast knowledge. I could tell you more;
At least, I could have done last week. And now
Examiners are setting forth to plough;
But O to interrupt them in their task
And tell them all the things they didn't ask!



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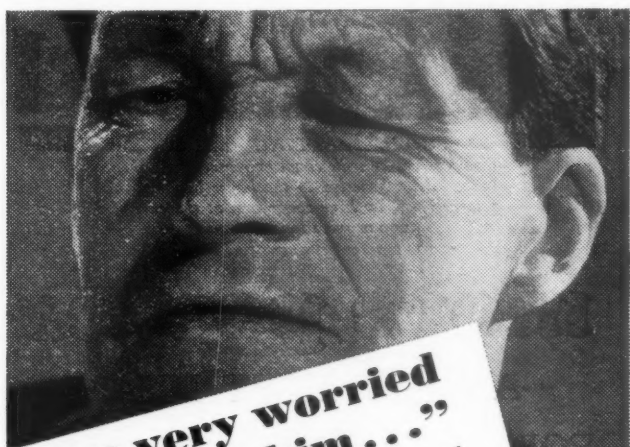
He told me to stand on my own feet!



Yes, Mr. Barratt, that's what my dad said, when I started out in the big world. And jolly good advice, too, if your feet aren't giving you gyp all the time. But I soon got another bit of advice — from one of your adverts. And thanks to that I'm not only standing on my own feet, I'm going full steam ahead on them!

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Alice in Newfoundland

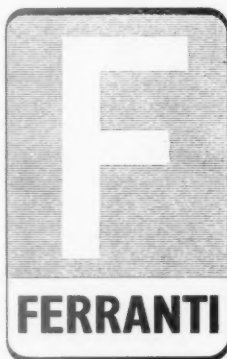
Thousands of square miles of snowclad Christmas trees! Lit with the logic of Lewis Carroll's imagination, a Christmas fairyland for the children of the world. Strange to think that the Christmas tree, now so inevitably part of the festive season, was unknown in Britain until Queen Victoria's reign. Then, introduced by the Prince Consort, they marked the revival of the Christmas spirit in the home. For Cromwell's parliament had forbidden by law the Christmas carousals that had been a feature of the Middle Ages. Then, too, it was a tree that symbolized the season — the bringing in of the Yule Log signaling the beginning of festivities that lasted until Twelfth Night. Trees have always had a peculiar significance in human life, from primitive man's belief that trees had perceptions and passions, to the holy trees of the East. But the significance of trees to mankind has never been greater than today, in this first age of widespread literacy; for from forests such as those behind Bowaters mills in Canada and Scandinavia comes the paper on which are printed the great newspapers and the books of the world.

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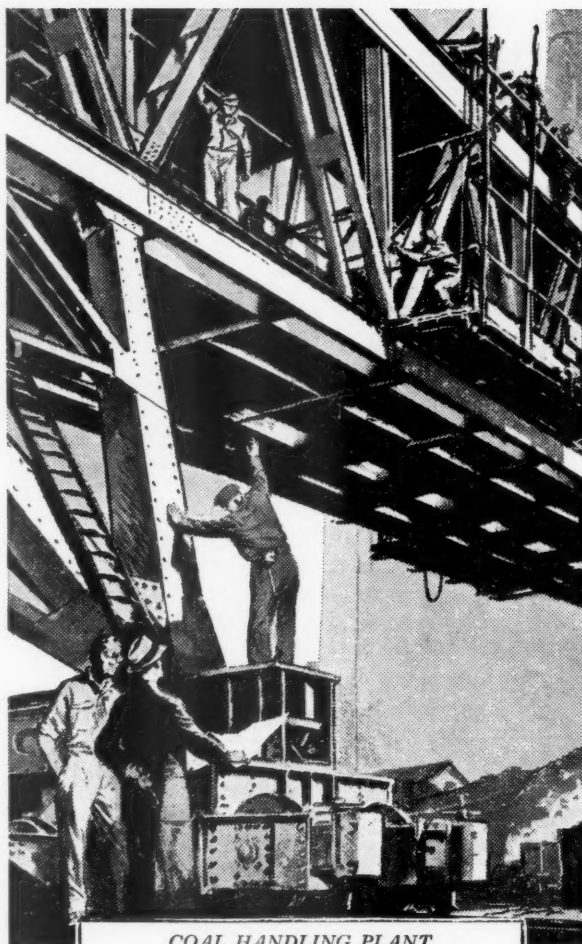
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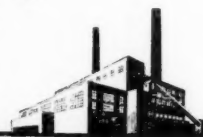
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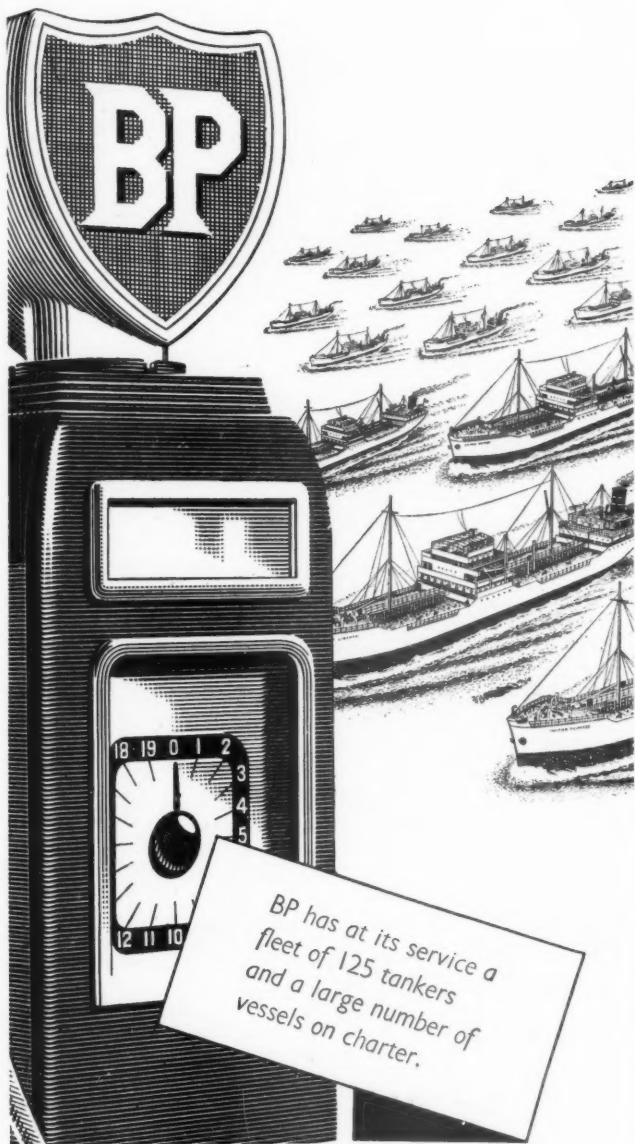
more power —AND WHAT IT MEANS

FOR YOU Some of Britain's new Power Stations will consume up to 20,000 tons of coal every week. Most of this coal is of low-grade quality unsuitable for other purposes. Britain now consumes twice as much electricity as in 1938, and burned nearly 30,000,000 tons of coal for electricity production in 1948. To end power cuts in the factories and in your home, British Electricity are building 38 new Power Stations and are installing new plant in 43 existing Stations.

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one of the world's greatest producers of petroleum. When
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Find a clear road. You want to go up into the seventies? All right—just put the needle where you want it. The stuff is in this car, just waiting to be used. Now put it into a bend. Go on—give yourself a chance to be surprised. There you are—much faster cornering than you'd expected—and no roll to notice. Safe as houses.

And what about the bumps that you remember on this road? Nobody's mended them yet—they just got kind of lost on their way through the torsion bar suspension of this car.

Yes—you can take your family. Up to six; with luggage. But you can still have driving fun.

Top speed 78 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-60 m.p.h. in 22.2 secs.

Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. engine.

Javelin saloon: £595 plus purchase tax £166.0.7

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when it passes you



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- They are easy and clean to handle.
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Wellington's words at the height of the Battle of Waterloo, when indicating the direction of the enemy forces to an officer who had lost his way in the confusion.

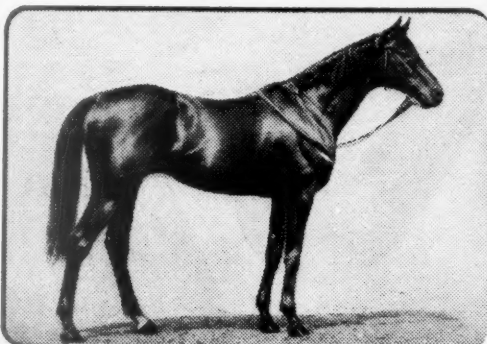


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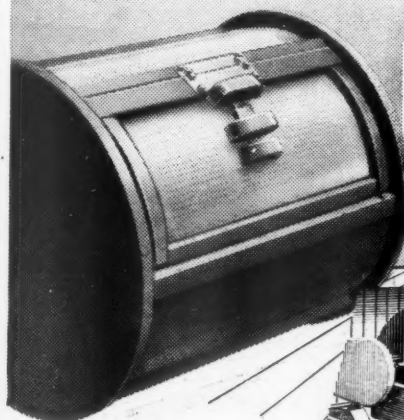
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Helmets...
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...and a
silk-smooth
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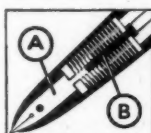
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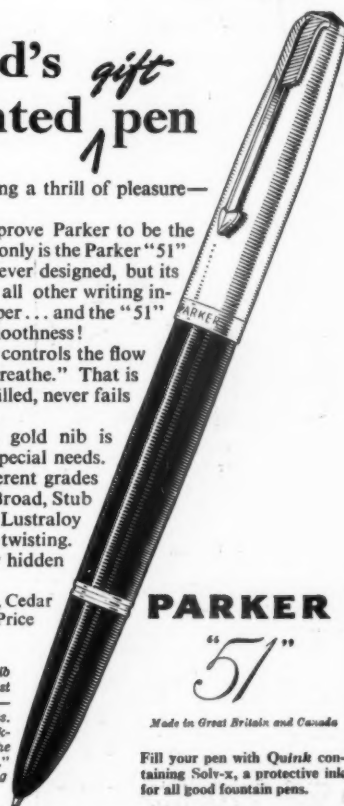
A special patented ink-trap controls the flow of ink, enabling the pen to "breathe." That is why the "51" when correctly filled, never fails to write, never leaks or blobs.

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"51"

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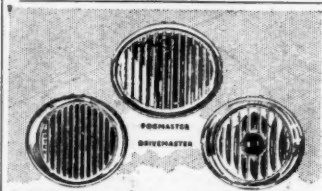
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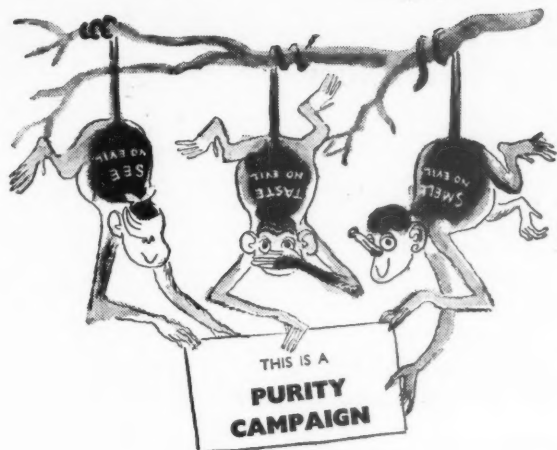


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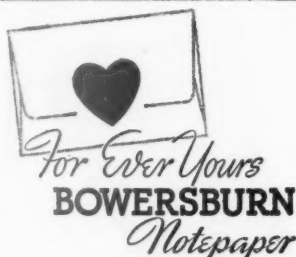
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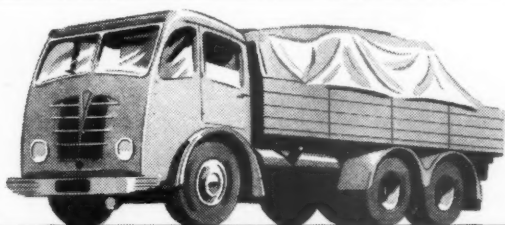
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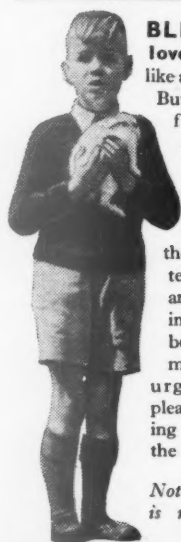
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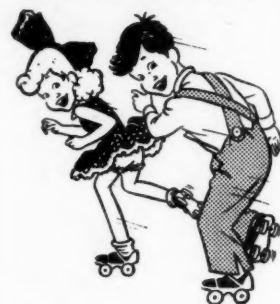
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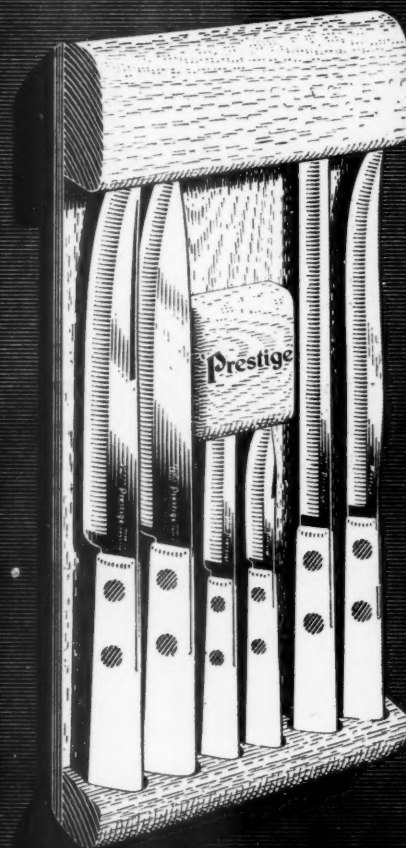
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OPEN TO MEN AND WOMEN

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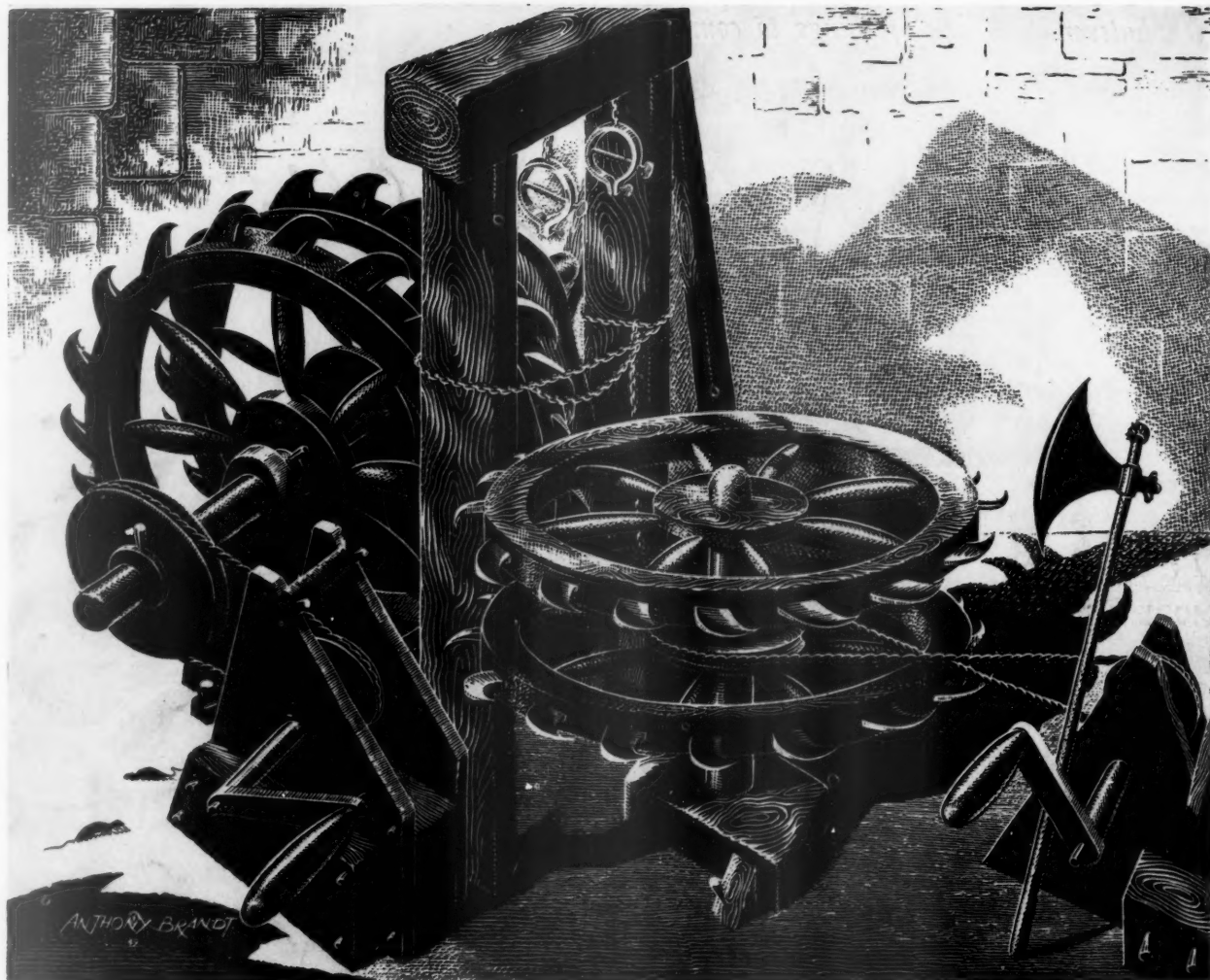


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